Next Month

and later

AN IMMIGRANT AMERICAN SPEAKS OUT

Avedis Derounian

Sermons on Americanism are often preached, most often by those who suspect or scorn their countrymen who are not also natives. The naturalized citizen is not usually so noisy in airing his passions. One of them, whose family fled here from Turkish tyranny in 1921, tells us what America means to him.

FROST ON PARNASSUS

Craig McClure

This month thousands of very young men are starting to "work their way through college." Other thousands are renewing the difficult effort they began a year or two earlier. For some the path is smoothed by various forms of student aid, for others not — and when Craig McClure did it he did it solo. The business of working your way through college is a very neat bit of "traditional Americanism," but, as Mr. McClure points out with awful graphicness, it also has a very seamy side.

THIS WON'T HURT MUCH

Marguerite Clark

Few people have such sublime confidence in modern science that, when the doctor tells them, "This won't hurt much," they close their eyes for a little nap. But, if progress in developing anesthetics for all the specialized uses of surgery continues, perhaps your grandchildren will have that confidence as a matter of course. This article relates some of the recent steps in the warfare against pain.

APOSTLES OF DEFEAT

Isabel Lundberg

This country, regrets Mrs. Lundberg, is becoming a happy refuge for the beaten leaders of demoralized European political bodies. If it were merely a refuge, no fair-minded American could complain, but why should we appear pleased when these ex-statesmen make our shores the pulpits from which they send out rallying cries to their comrades and any kindred spirits within hearing, urging them to storm once more the ramparts of fascism? These leaders, Isabel Lundberg suspects, are more interested in making a living here than in preserving democracy, and, far from being worthy tutors of American democrats, they have nothing to teach us except the lesson of their own failures.

FORUM

and Century

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

SEPTEMBER 1939

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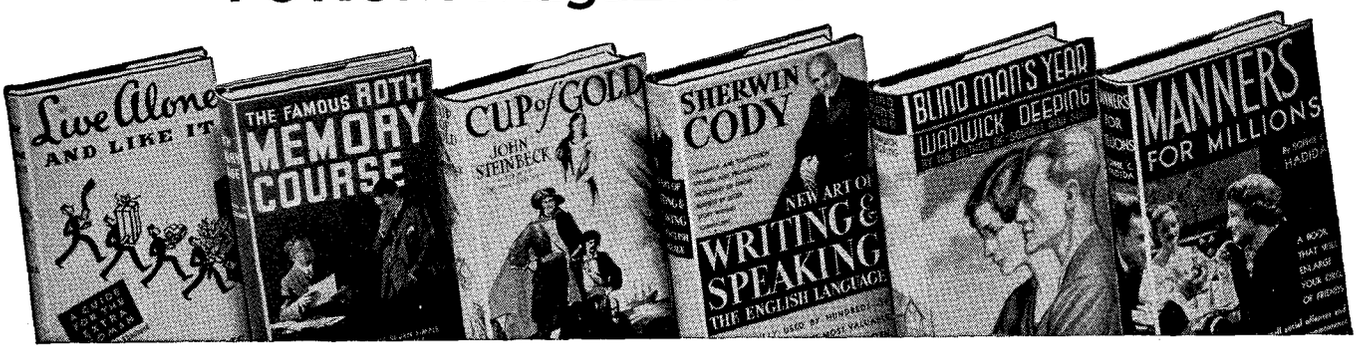

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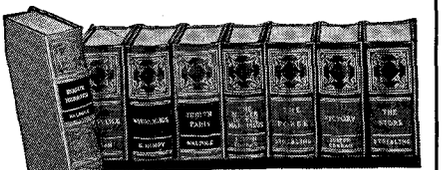

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OF ANTS AND MEN — Caryl P. Haskins (Prentice-Hall, $2.75).

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THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS IN 1938 — Whitney H. Shepardson, in collaboration with William O. Scroggs (Harper, $3.00).

VINCENT Sheean is no ordinary writer, as anyone in his devoted audience will tell you. And the twelvemonth from March, 1938, to March, 1939, was no ordinary year in European history. When Mr. Sheean writes an impassioned and intimate record of the events of that year, as he saw them from their very center, he goes to the top of the list.

Not Peace But a Sword is an expansive book of political adventure — adventure of the kind that made *Personal History* one of the lasting books of our time. Mr. Sheean, with his vigor and his fearlessness, was in at the reshaping of Europe on every major front.

As a working newspaperman he visited the Ebro lines in Spain at the time when nonintervention and American neutrality began to seal the doom of the Republic. He found the Lincoln Brigade there and he gives touching pictures of the few who survived the disastrous retreat.

A half-million Jews had started on one of the greatest mass migrations of all time — and Vincent Sheean reports with brilliant satire the stuffed-shirt deliberations of the Evian conference.

The dismemberment of Czechoslovakia, Munich — he was in Prague then. His report of the attitudes of innkeepers, farmers, cabbies gives background to the drama of betrayal. From their humble statement of hope, grievance, and misgiving to the machinations of the diplomats, the whole gamut of experience during the crisis is run.

Following his search for the essence of the struggle which is now dividing the world, he writes some of his most telling pages about his young friend, Jim Lardner, the last of the American volunteers to be killed in Spain.

It is a black world, Mr. Sheean has observed, full of death and ugliness, but he has not grown discouraged. Even on the brink of war, which he believes inevitable, he hopes for the future progress of humanity — a future in which Franco, Hitler, and Mussolini will be very much out of the picture.

ALSO looking at Spain and Munich and the quickly changing complex of world affairs is the dissident (but not too dissident) Conservative British statesman, Anthony Eden. His speeches proposing nonintervention in Spain and later describing its unfortunate effect, his suave words of misgiving after Munich, his memorable appeals for collective security and against appeasement all go to make up a most illuminating book, *Foreign Affairs*. Since Mr. Eden has a neat and altogether urbane speaking style, these pages — for the most part verbatim transcripts of the records of Parliament — make excellent reading.

WHERE Paul de Kruif left off his book about the men who have hunted down the wily little organisms that cause disease, Joseph W. Bigger now carries on. In his *Man Against Microbe*, Dr. Bigger goes after the microbes themselves. He tells their history, examines their future, separates the good from the bad, and gives the layman a detailed picture of the branch of science that specializes in their study. His book is at once solid and simple and blessed with his flair for imaginative expression.

If man dies because of certain microbes, Dr. Bigger explains, so does he live only through the beneficent industry of others. Bacteria make it possible for plants to live by transforming nitrogen into a form they can absorb. About half a ton of them are to be found in the top foot of soil in a one-acre field. We should have no coal or gasoline today if it had not been for the action of microbes eons ago. In the beginning of time, perhaps, all bacteria were harmless, and there are interesting speculations on the reasons why the evil branch of the family evolved. Some of Pasteur's colleagues worked on the theory that microbes could suddenly appear through spontaneous generation. For a while it looked as if they had all the evidence by the tail.

All this makes extraordinarily good leaven for a serious handbook on one of the youngest and most fruitful of sciences.

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The Book Forum

For the tourist who would like to wander for once in a land with a future instead of a land with a past, Alaska seems to have few rivals. Not that memories of the Yukon trail, of Russian fur traders, of Eskimo and other Indian cultures do not provide tradition for the little-known immensities of the North. There is a romantic backdrop in all these things — and to the glaciers that have been at work for centuries shaping and reshaping the surface of the land and to the development of vast mines and fisheries and surprisingly rich farms.

The life, the variety and vigor, of this last American frontier have found themselves fully and brilliantly reflected in the newest of the excellent guidebooks brought out by the Federal Writers' Project. *Alaska* is the work of the experienced and lively Merle Colby, aided by a corps of assistants.

Beautiful and plentiful photographs tell part of the story. Four hundred pages of exciting text, which never overlook the colorful, the human, tell the rest. Details of travel by every means of transportation, including dog team, are given, and so on down to intimate but no doubt invaluable advice about what kind of underwear to take.

Among all the hundreds of books about the World War, not one has given a recognizable full-length picture of what went on outside the trenches and the haunts of the military and political bigwigs. How the millions not in uniform reacted, what moral and economic forces were at work Frank P. Chambers tells in *The War Behind the War*.

Planning his history, the author decided it should be concerned with "the fortunes of the civil population; with war-time forms of government and state control; with labor, industry and agriculture; with man-power, raw materials and food supplies; with the shortages and privations; with public opinion. . . . It would describe war-time political crises and rivalries, diplomatic asides and peace manoeuvres."

This is a novel and rather breath-taking project. Mr. Chambers' pace is swift — he breaks his trail with an express engine. But in less than six hundred pages he has come admirably close to his goal.

Add sophistication to the perceptiveness of old papa Fabre and you have Caryl F. Haskins' *Of Ants and Men*. Since a popular book about ants could go on for volume after volume, Mr. Haskins has hit on an ingenious limiting device. He has drawn from his store of ant knowledge just such material as shows a parallel between the insect and the human social systems.

There are ants who keep slaves and cows and pets. Others cultivate fungus gardens and rear a special class of workers in the colony for the duty of weeding out unwanted plants. Nurses tend the young, fondling them and giving them airings. Ant habits; their evolution; the degeneracy of the slave keepers to the point where they are mere bluffers, albeit successful ones; the mysterious urge that makes certain tribes set out to conquer the world; the equally unfathomable power of the queen, after a single mating, to lay eggs for years on end — such are the marvels Mr. Haskins deals with.

Some who have fearlessly rushed in with advice to antifascists at this strenuous and decisive time have shown that theirs was the tread of angels. Carl T. Schmidt is one, and another is Melvin Rader. *No Compromise* is the forthright title he gives his scrupulous, methodical, and hence scathing study.

Professor Rader analyzes the rhetorical pattern on which fascists rely:

Attack all things democratic by calling them communistic; divert attention from true ailments to a spurious cause — the Jews; replace reason with emotional pageantry, military displays, force; divide the antifascists against each other — make the mild democrats reject the assistance of any who can be called Left, thus draining off part of the energy that might go to oppose fascism into opposing one of fascism's enemies.

He devotes a final chapter to "the need for united action." Anyone, he believes, who won't take aid from whatever source in the fight against totalitarianism ought to have his head examined.

M. L. Elting

Mr. Shepardson's annual history of international events is surely the most informing as well as the most exciting serial commentary on foreign relations in any language. Do not be deceived by the exact footnotes, the competent bibliography, the heavy appendices. This record is alive. It reveals with caustic realism not what the newspaper headlines scream at us but what statesmen say to each other in low tones and pass along, after breakfast, to their staffs.

The keynote of this history of 1938 is the quoted prophecy of one of the five plenipotentiaries of the United States who signed the Treaty of Versailles, General Tasker Bliss. When his friends privately asked the general's opinion of the treaty, he replied, "We are in for a low period, then a high period, then the devil will be to pay all over the world." We are now wobbling in that third period, and we are not yet sure whether we are in hell yet or have only reached purgatory.

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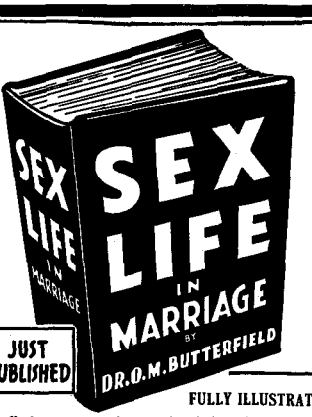

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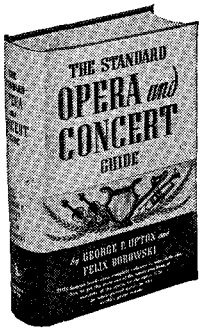

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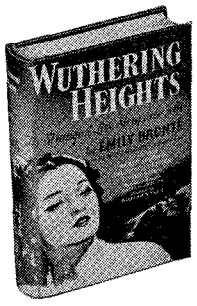

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THE RECORD REVIEW

SCHUBERT: SYMPHONY NO. 4 IN C MINOR ('TRAGIC'). John Barbirolli & New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra (Victor M, AM 562; 4 records, $8.00).

DEBUSSY: PRÉLUDE À L'APRÈS-MIDI D'UN FAUNE. Sir Thomas Beecham & London Philharmonic Orchestra (Columbia 69600; $1.50).

HAYDN: SYMPHONY NO. 98 IN B FLAT. Howard Barlow & Columbia Broadcasting Symphony (Columbia M-370; 3 records, $5.00).

BLOCH: CONCERTO GROSSO FOR PIANO AND STRING ORCHESTRA. Curtis Chamber Music Ensemble, conducted by Louis Bailly (Victor M, AM 563; 3 records, $5.00).

DVORAK: STRING QUARTET NO. 3 IN E FLAT, *op. 51.* Lener Quartet (Columbia M-369; 4 records, $6.00).

BRAHMS: SONATA IN E MINOR, *op. 38.* Arthur Rubinstein, piano, & Gregor Piatigorsky, cello (Victor M, AM 564; 3 records, $6.50).

LISZT: TODENTANZ. Edward Kilenyi, piano, & Orchestre Symphonique de Paris, conducted by Meyrowitz (Columbia X-122; 2 records, $3.25).

SCHUBERT composed the C-minor Symphony during one of the most trying periods in his life and assigned the name "Tragic" to it himself. However, one would scarcely guess the nature of his circumstances from the character of the Symphony. It is anything but tragic after the dark, introductory adagio. The rest is sunny, cheerful music which, like anything from Schubert's pen, is exceedingly lyrical. In the andante, expressly, there rest some sublime passages of imitation in which a delicate phrase passes alternately from strings to winds. The Symphony may not be so perfectly written as the Fifth (reviewed last month), but it should win favor with Schubertians, for the impress of its composer is well marked.

Mr. Barbirolli projects Schubert's score with great feeling, and his orchestra possesses a shimmering tone quality that is shown off to advantage in this performance. The recording is resonant, but clicks in the surfaces divest the set of mechanical perfection. However, this element is relatively insignificant compared with the set's assets, not the least of which is that it is a first recording.

TODAY we are likely to forget that Debussy's now celebrated Prélude was something extraordinary to the ears of Parisians when it was first performed in 1894. The combined effect of Debussy's harmonic system and the transparence of his orchestration must have been strange indeed. Familiar with Debussy's technique, we are in a position to observe that he was to music what Manet was to painting and Mallarmé to verse. Debussy was the impressionist in tones, and, with the completion of this magical Prélude, he set his creed before the world.

Of the available recorded versions of "Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune," the present Beecham recording surpasses all others in every respect. Beecham's reading is as dignified as Stokowski's is overemphasized. The shadings in the orchestra's playing are exquisite. And the recording captures clearly the pungent timbres of the solo wood winds and the ethereal effects of the orchestration as a whole. This is, perhaps, the finest single record of recent date.

A FEW months ago Howard Barlow gave us an up-to-date recording of Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony. He now gives us a first recording of the Symphony No. 98, also one of the set composed for Salomon. The present set is something of an improvement over the "Surprise," although the interpretation still lacks the sparkle germane to Haydn. As a recording the set is brilliant — in fact, at times, too brilliant for its own good. When there are fortissimo full orchestral chords, the clarity becomes lost, and the chords tend to be cut short before their full spaciousness is permitted to exhaust itself. Nevertheless, there is considerable pleasure to be derived from the set. The music is so joyous, and the playing of the C.B.S. Orchestra so resilient that the shortcomings are likely to be overlooked.

BLOCH is invariably associated with a racial approach to music. If there be ground for this association, it lies not in his conscious effort to create a Jewish or Hebraic music based on authentic folklore but in his expression of the strong racial feeling lying dormant in his "soul."

This lack of conscious striving for racial expression is most apparent in the Concerto Grosso, which consists of four movements — Prelude, Dirge, Pastorale and Rustic Dances, and Fugue. Apart from the third movement, which is based on country tunes, the music is abstract, a modern treatment of a form popular in the eighteenth century. Yet one catches the racial emotions as an emergent element in the music.

The Curtis Ensemble bites into the music and contends well with its cross rhythms and barbaric drive. The recording is full, but again there are clicks in the records. Replacing an earlier set by the Philadelphia Sinfonietta, conducted by Fabien Sevitzky, this set has as an odd side a dull Canzonetta for strings by Sibelius.

FOR folk music you can depend on Dvorak. The E-flat Quartet was written at the behest of Jean Becker, leader of the celebrated Florentine Quartet, who re-

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The Record Review

quested that it be "Slavonic" in style. The Quartet is Slavonic from beginning to end, compassing almost every Czech emotion. Unfortunately its Slavonic vigor is not a part of the present performance; the sallow tone of the Lener Quartet makes the music sound spineless and saccharine. The more one hears Lener's whining of the first violin part, the greater one's bewilderment at the international reputation of his Quartet. On the mechanical side, however, the set is excellent.

THE E-minor Sonata is a relatively early work of Brahms. It is his first sonata for two instruments. Though he was not to write a large-scale orchestral work for years to come, Brahms had already mastered sonata form. In this work we find him recurrently paying tribute to Bach by working out his ideas with Bach figurations as a base. The Sonata lacks a slow movement and consists of a long first movement (three sides), a short intermezzo (one side), and a finale (two sides).

Piatigorsky and Rubinstein produce excellent ensemble, and the recording is spacious enough, but my taste runs to the Feuermann and van der Pas set made some years ago by Columbia; for Piatigorsky is too sentimental, and Rubinstein frequently manifests the same fault.

RELEASED abroad about the same time that Victor issued the *Todentanz* in a recording by Sanroma and the Boston Pops Orchestra here, Columbia's version has little rhyme or reason for a domestic appearance now, save for the dubious distinction of winning a 1938 *Candide Grand Prix*. Liszt's *Todentanz* at best is turgid, bombastic music, and, unless projected in a performance so flexible as Sanroma's, it has no valid justification. Kilenyi's work is admirable. He plays with enthusiasm and strength, but the music constantly militates against him. *Todentanz* it really is, ghostly and ghastly. The recording is clear, if not brilliant.

ON a single record we find Howard Barlow in his real forte — American music. Barlow conducts the C.B.S. Orchestra in Griffes' "The White Peacock" (Columbia 17140, $1.00), which some pundit has called, not undeservedly, "The Afternoon of a Peacock." The performance is superb, and the recording brilliant.

ANOTHER single record offers Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra in abbreviated versions of the "Blue Danube" and "Tales From the Vienna Woods" waltzes (Victor 15423, $2.00). With such magnificent orchestral playing and such high-fidelity recording, it seems a shame not to have full versions at hand.

ARTHUR WALLACE HEPNER

TOASTS

DAVID CARL COLONY is Rector of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Philadelphia. Since he wrote "Which Churches Are American?" in the May, 1938, FORUM, he has been leading a routine existence, except that he has helped start two hosiery mills, a carpet mill, and a towel mill!

The **ANONYMOUS** author of "Saints and Sufferers" does student counselling at a Western university. She plays an active part in local civic affairs, and several of her articles have appeared in magazines.

FRED RODELL. Harvard-educated and a former editor of *Fortune*, has taught at the Yale Law School since 1933. "The Law Is the Bunk" will be the first chapter of a book now in progress. Two notable things have happened to Mr. Rodell this year; he was made a full professor of law, and he got married.

DAVID MORTON, whose verse has frequently appeared in THE FORUM and elsewhere, has been professor of English at Amherst College since 1924.

ANTHONY M. TURANO is a Reno, Nevada, attorney. He wrote an article on sterilization of the unfit for THE FORUM in February, 1934, and more recently has been a prolific writer of articles on legal, medico-legal, and sociological subjects.

MILDRED ADAMS' chief qualification for the role of expert on problems of working wives is that she is one herself. She admits how difficult it is to keep up the daily juggling act between home and job. But each, she claims, is rendered more important and more precious by the existence of the other.

JOHN EDWIN HOGG, a war veteran who debunked the menace of air warfare in a FORUM article in 1934, has passed about three of the intervening years struggling with a serious illness. Again in good health, he is working hard over a variety of feature articles.

PERCY WAXMAN is associate editor of *Cosmopolitan*. He has been an advertising writer and promotion man as well as editor and is the author of *The Black Napoleon*, a biography of Toussaint Louverture.

ROBERT R. MULLEN, whose piece about George Aiken, Governor of Vermont, THE FORUM published two months ago, is Assistant City Editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*

JEANETTE EATON, a magazine writer and author of books for young people, is supervising a project which is turning out new reading material for the New York City schools. She and a sister live at Spring Valley, New York, on land owned by Threefold Farm — the first experiment in biodynamic agriculture and scene of the annual agricultural conference directed by Ehrenfried Pfeiffer.

TOM BOGGS is a New York poet associated with the Powgen Press.

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F O R U M
and Century

SEPTEMBER, 1939 VOL. CII, NO. 3

Educating in Democracy

Editorial Foreword

ON THIS DESK are some photographs from a Nazi schoolroom. One picture shows a healthy, eager German boy clenching his fists before his chest in imitation of the resolute gesture of *Der Führer* in the model portrait of Hitler that hangs on every German schoolroom wall. Other photographs show classrooms full of apparently healthy children whose expressions are all eagerness and rapt attention. Instead of books, however, they are studying newspapers, organs of the Nazi Party. The learning that they are absorbing is not science or history but the precepts and programs of National Socialism. From the age of three they are trained to become soldiers, strong in body, uncomplicated in mind, obedient and enthusiastic.

The other autocratic nations who have renewed their youth in our time have much the same sort of education. The children know exactly where they are going and cheer for dictatorship, the efficient form of government for those not yet able to govern themselves.

If the democracies are to compete with the totalitarians, our educational system will need to become somewhat more purposeful than at present. Our superior brains, however tolerant, will not profit us if we are to suffer the fate of Addis Ababa, Nanking, Prague, or Madrid.

WHAT IS DEMOCRACY?

THE IDEAL of democracy is to guarantee to the individual the greatest possible freedom consistent with the well-being of society as a whole. The majority rules; the minority is free to persuade.

The democracies, though higher in the scale of civilization than the autocracies, are not yet sufficiently enlightened to experiment with anarchy. Life in a democracy is like a game of football. There is — or ought to be — an element of abandon and fun in every job. In football, team play is important, and the cheering section helpful, but it is the individual player whose prowess or initiative executes the forward pass or zigzags the long run down the crowded field to victory. However, the brilliant play is executed under direction and is a by-product of years of discipline. Some discipline there still must be in our system of education, and at least a little unity of purpose.

Japanese children find unique consolation, after their meager rations of rice, in the sustaining belief that they are descended from a god and, through their emperor, responsible to deity. Instead of loyalty to God or dictator, American children must be passionate for the moral code of democracy.

Democracy already enjoys the approval

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of the average American child, who takes it for granted that he is lucky in not having been born a defiant Nazi or a pugnacious Fascist. But seldom can an American boy or girl of school years give a plausible account of why his state is preferable to that of a young "ismite." In an argument about the merits of democracy and totalitarianism, the average American child is floored by our unemployment statistics alone. Instead of taking an aggressive or an inquiring interest in democracy, he accepts it as a blessed and rather nebulous condition that he has inherited.

Patriotism, on the other hand, he does know a little about. He salutes the flag at least once a month. But the Star-Spangled Banner is in itself no more beautiful than the simpler and more understandable sun flag of Nippon. He must be taught to salute what the stars stand for.

The recent testimony of a young American aviatrix in answer to a questionnaire on civics and history is a startling indication that our excellent public schools still fail to do their full duty in acquainting our children with the birth pains of democracy. This aviatrix was a well-informed girl. She had graduated with honors from high school and college. She had won her pilot's license in the air. Yet to the question, "Who was Aaron Burr?" she replied, "I never heard of him." Now Aaron Burr is a glamorous rather than important figure in American history, but his name is associated with the tragic end of a man whose controversy helped to rationalize the Constitution.

There must be more teaching of history, *much* more teaching of history, in our educational system. Not one high-school student out of fifty can recall a single event in the exciting administration of Polk. It is all very well to omit battles and concentrate on reforms. It is well also to let up on the old discipline of dates. But to date all history from the last two decades and call it "social science" is to fail to comprehend the long struggle of mankind up to democracy. History must begin as far back as Hellas and be taught in the kindergarten. The long human struggle for freedom through tolerance — political, intellectual, moral — the obstacles overcome, and the methods tried out must enter the fabric of the juvenile mind. The chief enemy of American democracy is not communism or fascism or even intolerance; the real enemy is civic ignorance.

Democracy is a historical concept; it is also a way of life, a code of morality for the individual. Its highest qualities can be brought out only by teachers who earnestly desire to build a community in which that way of life can flourish. Both teacher and pupil must feel the fervor of inspiration.

In the musty journals of the Continental Congress, one can still read an ordinance dated July 13, 1787, for the government of the Northwest Territory:

> Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged.

The home has now taken religion out of the schools, but morality and knowledge are today as important for the school as they were in the pioneer days of 1787.

Practice 'Play-Democracy'

If we do not develop a daily drill in democracy in our schools, the big bad wolf of some barbarous European "ism" will get us, no matter how many new battleships we build for our navy. When American school children organize race-hatred gangs, when they talk among themselves about "our class," we know that practical foreign propaganda is undermining us while we are engaging in academic debates about progressive curricula.

Here are some of the precepts that distinguish democracy from other philosophies in the mind of the American child: Obey the laws of the land but criticize them and glow with the power of amending them. Obey your leaders but assert the responsibility of advising them. Play the game fairly and helpfully with your associates but seize every opportunity for free action and the exercise of initiative. Breathe every day a joy and a fresh delight in the generous attitude toward life and the upward struggle into the light of happy living that is the inspiring privilege of being a citizen of a democracy.

Henry Goddard Leach

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God's Corporations

by **DAVID CARL COLONY**

NOT WITH THE GREAT of the earth but with people unknown lies the future of America.

Ellis and Mugglesworth
Kniesner and Kerr

— these are probably strange names to you; but, with fifty-one others, equally unknown, these individuals have solved, in miniature fashion, the American problem.

Hosiery workers all of them, as recently as the summer of 1938 they were unemployed or, at best, partially and spasmodically employed. Today they own a $35,000 plant. They draw union-scale wages without the loss of a day. They share equally in the profits of their firm.

In August, 1938, the first true industrial co-operative in America was born. Today it has two lusty infant sisters — a carpet mill and a towel mill. A dye house is being conceived. Another hosiery mill is almost ready to function. A third stocking factory is being developed.

Here is the romance of industry, lifting itself out of the depths, spurred on by the faith of Jesus of Nazareth, reaching for a piece of heaven here upon earth.

THE IDEA

THERE CAME in the summer of 1938 to the rectory of St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Kensington, Philadelphia, a man in his middle fifties, named Ben. He was a dyer by trade. For a variety of reasons the mill where he had been employed these many years was liquidating. His wife was sick. His son and his daughter-in-law lived with Ben. They were expecting the birth of a baby. Ben had to have a job.

The Rector of St. Luke's had no jobs. But such was the challenging need presented by this unemployed dyer that religion, for the first time, really went to work to create work in Kensington.

A quick survey showed a considerable number of unemployed hosiery workers in St. Luke's and in its vicinity. A group of fifty-five such workers was quickly assembled. And the Rector spake thus to his people: "Each of you will go out and find me two hundred dollars. You will appoint committees to look for a suitable building. You will appoint other committees to search for knitting machinery. We shall have a hosiery mill and we shall work."

It is one thing to say that two hundred dollars must be had. To people in grave need, however, finding so much money seemed a hopeless assignment. Yet it was done.

One man wrote to friends and relations, asking to borrow five or ten dollars from each. He heard nothing from his relations, but his friends came through with two hundred dollars.

Some sold or borrowed on insurance.

One man sold a car, the last vestige of better times.

Some borrowed from loan sharks.

But by November, 1938, in $200 lots, we had $11,000.

One new hosiery machine costs $12,000. We needed thirteen of them. The best that could be found was reconditioned machinery. Even these units cost $1,500 apiece. And, in addition, it costs $300 each to erect a legger or a footer. Besides, eighteen auxiliary pieces of equipment were needed. The cheapest satisfactory building involved a cost of some $15,000.

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Obviously, our $11,000 would not be enough.

At that time news dispatches from Washington reported the approval of a loan of several million dollars to a Lansdale, Pennsylvania, concern by the Agricultural Resettlement Administration. This loan was to be repaid over a period of some forty-five years. It was to be used for the establishment of silk hosiery mills on Southern homesteads, such as the Bankhead Homestead in Alabama.

So to Washington we went.

We were finally directed to the Professional Projects Division of the WPA. Miss Agnes Cronin, a department executive, thought very highly of our project. And it was natural that she should. For it was pointed out to her that, by helping this Philadelphia hosiery group for a year, the government would permanently eliminate the danger of its members' becoming public charges. They would become self-supporting, taxpaying citizens. If such aid were granted to diversified groups throughout the nation, it would cost the WPA a great deal of money. But, at the end of the year — or two years, or three years — the WPA would have outlived its usefulness.

The Pennsylvania State WPA Administrator of that period, Mr. Banks Hudson, also realized the potential value of such industrial co-operatives as we were proposing.

Both Washington and Harrisburg felt that much or, at least, something would be done for us.

We soon realized, however, that the wheels of government grind slowly. Days passed, and weeks passed; and nothing happened. The assurances of good things to come were, nevertheless, constantly with us.

And so, with the optimism of inexperience and the courage of ignorance, we borrowed $15,000, at the cost of 10 per cent for "finding the money," plus 6-per-cent interest. We promised to pay at the rate of some $230 a week. For one week we could stand that — for three or four weeks, if necessary. Finally Uncle Samuel would open his fist to us, and banknotes would rain on us to enable us to repay our debt.

Then came tragedy. WPA appropriations were cut by $140,000,000.

The Rector of St. Luke's went to Washington again. He pleaded before the Senate subcommittee on appropriations.

Such gentlemen as Carter Glass of Virginia and Kenneth McKellar of Tennessee thought well of our project. But the WPA could do nothing for us.

Only the intercession of two Senators with Chairman Jesse Jones of the RFC finally secured for us a five-year loan of $15,000. Thus, some sixteen weeks after we made our highly expensive mercantile loan we were able to pay the debt which we had hoped to redeem in two or three weeks. The RFC loan is payable over a five-year period in comparatively small amounts, at a lower rate of interest.

The Beginning

While all this was going on, the Colony Hosiery Corporation had begun to manufacture women's full-fashioned silk stockings. And, while the machines were turning over, tragedy and comedy and all the varied attributes of the human race were exerting their influence on the affairs of man.

Death came first.

One of our few men who had full-time jobs was William Smith Prifold. He had been elected to be our superintendent. And, since he was employed only at night, he was able to give us his assistance during the day.

He found the machinery for us. He trained the men in dismantling the machines. He supervised the moving and the erection of all the equipment. He saw to it that the building, which was badly run-down, was put in first-class condition. He formed all the preliminary and necessary contacts for both the purchase of silk and the disposal of the manufactured product. He put in eight or nine hours a day in our shop, in addition to his regular eight-hour trick in the mill where he was employed.

We pleaded with Bill to resign from his night job. Seventeen or eighteen hours a day were too much for any man. But he was anxious to serve us without pay as long as possible, in order to conserve our financial resources.

Then, just before Christmas, 1938, death came to William Smith Prifold, who gave his life that others might live more abundantly.

May he rest in peace.

Next came faith in man and the testing of individual and corporate courage.

Silk is very expensive. It rarely costs less than $300 a pound and at this writing it costs considerably more. By the time we were ready

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to manufacture stockings, we had spent so much money on building repairs, on machinery, on power and light equipment that we were broke. But silk had to be had.

The problem of how to buy silk without cash and without credit was neatly dumped in the lap of one Edwin Ellis, Jr.

Ed was a knitter; he had been nothing but a knitter for some sixteen years. He had never had any executive or promotional experience.

St. Luke's Rector, however, has a theory which is not particularly original. He feels that the difference between a great man and a person of no renown is merely that the so-called great man has been offered a challenging opportunity.

Ellis was elected general manager for a probationary period. And he has made good. Let the record speak for itself.

There are three methods by which a hosiery mill can function.

The manufacture of finished goods is one of them. The mill buys its own silk and knits the stockings. It dyes them. It pairs and boxes them and sells them direct to the retail trade. This method requires a great deal of capital, and for the Colony Hosiery Corporation it was out of the question.

Another procedure is to manufacture "in the greige." This involves the purchase of silk by the mill and the knitting of the product. While this demands a lesser financial structure, it, also, was too much for us.

The third method is known in the trade as "commission knitting." That is, a jobber provides the silk and pays the mill on a piecework basis for doing nothing more than the actual knitting. This requires no capital outlay for raw materials. It insures the payroll, because settlement is made week by week, and it eliminates the danger of playing with the rather temperamental silk market. This last method best suited the condition of our infant industrial co-operative.

But this plan nevertheless required faith in an untested management and courage of the highest order. For, even in commission knitting, three or four weeks were required to "break in" the machinery. During that time, not only was there no money coming in, but we had to purchase, on questionable credit, silk which was doomed to become nothing more than waste in the breaking-in process.

We pause to pay tribute to those silk merchants, to the dealers in cotton yarn, and to our many other friends who had faith in us. It is their faith which has enabled our little world to reach the point where today it spins efficiently and merrily, round and round.

During these three or four breaking-in weeks, the superintendent lived on $10 or $12 a week. The corporation secretary lived on nothing at all. Men and women shared such infinitesimal resources as they had. And everybody hoped for the best.

TRIUMPH

TODAY WE ARE important people.

We actually work in the greige. That is, we can and do buy $20,000 and $25,000 worth of silk. Our credit is good.

Our stockings are perfect. If you doubt us, send for a pair, enclosing the price of 69 cents; convince yourself.

Actually, we grew into the greige only within the last few months. Up to that time we worked only on commission.

But, after the first three or four very difficult weeks, knitters who had walked the streets only a few short months before were earning $43 a week and more. Girls were earning as high as $27 and $28 a week. Our average payroll reached the respectable total of $1,500 per week. From the watchmen to the superintendent, our wage was approximately 7½ per cent above the prevailing union scale.

Even our watchmen were earning $20 a week. And one of our watchmen (since we do not do our own dyeing) is that same Ben who started all this by the urgency of his need in August, 1938.

Today we operate at the union wage level. The cost of silk has increased so much in the last two months that, much as we wished to avoid it, we had to agree to a wage reduction down to that scale.

During April, 1939, our fourth full month of operation, the mill made a net profit of $900. This was good news to every member of the co-operative. For, while our wages are paid according to skill, the ultimate division of profits will be exactly equal among all the members of the group, since their investment was, in all cases, equal.

This is not socialism. The tools of production are privately owned. The division of profits is

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proportionate to the amount invested. And it is silly to differentiate between a corporation of fifty-five stockholders, each holding twenty shares of stock, and another corporation with possibly only five stockholders each owning a two-thousand-dollar investment. On the contrary, this is capitalism at its very best.

Co-operative Technique

The advantages of such an industrial setup as ours are easily seen. One illustration suffices.

Every one of our members has been and still is a member in good standing of his local union. Many of our people were once union leaders. They never realized or were willing to admit that employers have problems. They knew nothing of the headaches of raising a payroll. They merely wanted their pound of flesh and they stubbornly insisted that employers always had plenty of that flesh. Now they know that capital, as well as labor, has its troubles. And, if our co-operative should ever fail, they would return to the ranks of ordinary labor more sympathetic toward their future employers. Since our firm will not fail, there is much missionary talk being spread by our people among their laboring friends, to the effect that employers are frequently in need of and deserving of sympathy.

In a highly competitive industry, how can a brand-new concern pay 7½ per cent above the prevailing wage scale? Many a reader probably suspects that, in order to get business, we undersell the ordinary market.

To this, we need only reply that we *do* pay considerably above the prevailing wage, thus making underselling impossible; our wages are higher because we have no executives who draw high salaries for "executing." It is no exaggeration to say that a good deal of our depression is due to the plague of executives, drawing high salaries for services of little or questionable value.

Then, too, our people own their plant. They are particularly on guard against waste of any kind. They are most careful in preserving and prolonging the life of their machines. The greatest efficiency is possible only where the worker owns the plant where he is employed.

One serious question has often been raised by friendly critics of industrial co-operatives. Granting that the Colony Hosiery Corporation may be a model for a future industrial revolution, what, in time, will happen to big plants, long and solidly established?

And the answer is — nothing.

Industrial co-operatives, requiring an investment by the worker, will grow for some time to come. But, by their very growth, they will ultimately make themselves entirely unnecessary. As such mills as ours increase in number, the purchasing power of the workingman will increase. As that power increases in one line, it will naturally spread to others. Hosiery workers will buy more clothing, meat, lipsticks, cigarettes, and other necessities and luxuries. This will improve business among those who manufacture and sell clothing, meat, lipsticks, and cigarettes. Business conditions will generally become much better. They will ultimately reach the point where the workingman will refuse to invest in an industrial co-operative because it will be possible for him to get a job without investment. That is, as rapidly as the slack of unemployment is taken up and business conditions improve, the necessity for industrial co-operatives will disappear. And, if such groups as ours increase in number after the need for them has passed, it will be only because of the realization that, even in the best of times, they make for a better and more secure socio-economic order.

Such measure of success as we have achieved thus far is owing to one factor which is not normally associated with co-operatives — discipline.

By mutual consent, all our stockholders are subject to the superintendent's orders without question. He has the power to dismiss or to suspend any member for good and sufficient cause. True, the member has the right to appeal to the board of directors and to the general body. But, in practice, the case of an undesirable is first quietly discussed in board meetings. And the superintendent's action is assured of the board's support before the dismissal or suspension takes place.

Just as in any other capitalistic shop, unquestioning obedience to authority is a fundamental law.

Of course, a high-handed general manager would not, in the nature of things, last very long. For there is one day in the year when the industrial co-operative, as a body, meets not as workers but as capitalists and owners. And

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on that day an unreasonable and overbearing superintendent may well be handed his $200, his walking papers, and an indifferent recommendation.

We have thus far had only one case of personnel difficulty. Both the beginning and the ending of this, fortunately, took place before our plant actually began to function.

The man's name is John. Because of his small size and pompous manner we generally refer to him as the Duke of Kensington. His mouth includes a most disproportionate amount of his anatomy. And it was his mouth that finally destroyed him.

The Duke had never been anything but a knitter. Since he was one of the first members of our group, he decided that he and no one else was the logical man for the post of general manager. (He has none of the qualities of leadership but of that fact was blissfully unaware.) And, when Bill Prifold was elected superintendent, the Duke started plotting and scheming against him.

Ultimately, we had to get rid of him — but not before he had publicly referred to our superintendent, a fine union man, as a "strike-breaker," to our corporation treasurer as a "brainless idiot," and to the Rector of St. Luke's as one who "hides behind his clerical collar."

Since the idea of industrial co-operatives seems to be spreading, let this warning be sounded. Every future and prospective co-operator must, in his own mind and without reservation, subscribe to the principle of co-operative obedience.

Expansion

One of the most serious problems in the community where St. Luke's Church is located is presented by the young people. Boys and girls eighteen and nineteen years old, out of school and without skill, are hopelessly at loose ends. We could do nothing for them in the hosiery mill, because union regulations allow no "learners" on our particular type of machinery.

Then a fortunate accident disclosed the fact that the making of Turkish towels is a trade which can be easily learned in three or four weeks. Thus the call went out for unemployed youngsters, willing to learn a trade and anxious for work. Since towel-weaving looms are much less expensive than hosiery-knitting machines, the investment required of the learners was only $100 each. In no time at all, we had a group of seventy, the majority of them youngsters.

And here we began to discover how success begets success. We purchased $3,000 worth of machinery, with a down payment of only $800. We agreed to pay $800 more on October 1, 1939, and the balance on February 1, 1940. We are paying only 4-per-cent interest. And our indebtedness is not even secured by a promissory note.

Of course, we needed a building. And unemployed carpet workers needed jobs. Under the leadership, therefore, of Rev. William Sharp, Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Frankford, Philadelphia, the Colony-Sharp Carpet Company was formed — another industrial co-operative. Sixty men and women each invested $200. They bought a badly run-down building once used as a carpet mill. Without pay and with stout hearts, they painted the place, scrubbed it, and generally "lifted" its "face." They bought fine machinery. They are gradually restoring a really valuable plant to its once splendid condition.

From the Colony-Sharp Carpet Company, St. Luke's Towel Company rented a floor. The two corporations will share the cost of carrying the building, of operating the power plant. There is a fine dye house on the premises. We are looking forward to the time when a dye co-operative will begin to function. For the towel mill will have hundreds of pounds of cotton yarn to dye every week. The carpet mill will have considerable quantities of both wool and cotton yarn to dye. When the Colony Hosiery Corporation has grown to full capitalistic stature, there will be hundreds of dozens of silk stockings to dye every week. We pause, with pride, to remark that every stocking and towel manufactured is disposed of without difficulty, and we are capable of producing nine hundred dozen pairs of stockings and over two thousand dozen towels per week. Equal productivity, we hope, is beginning to be realized in the carpet mill.

The Co-operative Idea

The question of the disposal of our products raises the consideration of the relationship between the industrial and the consumers' co-operatives.

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An official of the Consumers' Co-operative Bureau in New York informed us very recently that, in an area of eighteen States, the Bureau has only twenty thousand members. He readily agreed that even this comparatively small consumers' group was composed chiefly of people in the upper intellectual and social levels.

There can be no question that consumers' co-operatives in the United States cannot make any real and permanent progress until the ordinary workingman is sold the consumers' co-operative idea. One way this can be done, of course, is by education — a long and tedious process. The other and more effective method is to form workers into producers' co-operative groups. It is a very easy and simple step, then, to lead the producers into consumers' co-operatives.

The truth of this statement, we believe, is amply illustrated by the fact that, after some six months of operation, we have some 250 families, comprising perhaps 1,200 people, within a radius of four or five miles in a very limited section of one city. Twelve hundred people thinking, dreaming co-operatives — while after years of work, in an area of eighteen States, there are only twenty thousand consumers' co-operative members.

It may hardly be questioned that, once the United States becomes educated to the point where our economic order is composed largely of producers' and consumers' co-operatives, there will be an end to poverty in the midst of plenty. Unemployment will become merely a matter of choice. There will be very few wealthy people but equally few very poor people.

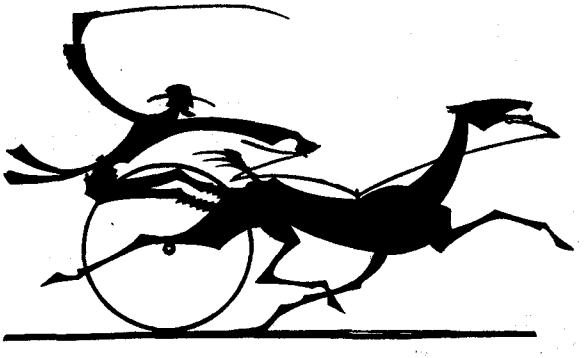
Behold the Scandinavian countries for proof of this.

All this — and more to come — is due to a conviction. Religion has been failing of its great mission for some time past. Empty and half-empty churches are sufficient proof of this. God has become a pleasant old gentleman we used to know. We call on him, as a matter of courtesy, for old times' sake, if it doesn't rain or if it isn't too hot or too cold or if we have nothing better to do.

The fact remains, however, that, when Jesus walked the earth, although his chief mission was spiritual, he also fed the hungry and healed the sick. We are living today in a world too highly specialized for the ordinary priest to do such things. By the church's sponsorship, however, of a co-operative economic order, a transformation can take place in the lives of the vast majority of people — because the vast majority are working people.

Consider, for example, St. Luke's Towel Mill. When a member of this co-operative buys a suit of clothes or pays for a vacation at the seashore or buys a pound of beefsteak, he knows that these things have been made possible because St. Luke's Church, unable to feed him or to heal his sick, has helped provide him with the means by which he can feed and heal himself. Thus religion, in time, will penetrate every nook and intimate cranny of his life. Religion will become a seven-day affair for him, not an hour's exercise on an occasional Sunday. Christianity will still continue to promise him "pie in the sky, by and by"; but it will see to it that he has bread and some pie here on earth.

We have made a beginning.



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Saints and Sufferers

ANONYMOUS

IF MORE PEOPLE realized that a halo is an encumbrance more awkward than a pair of crutches, the problem of the physically handicapped would be simplified. Halos are bestowed by those who hold a mystic idea that suffering somehow sanctifies the sufferer. They are accepted and worn because disabled people find them both a protection and an adornment. But the hard fact is that suffering develops fanatics as well as saints. Sentimental "words of comfort" and inspirational sophistries give to many an unfortunate individual the excuse for becoming a tyrant and a bore. As one of those most deeply concerned, I protest the kindly blunders of self-appointed cheer dispensers and the innocence with which we fit ourselves into the inadequate pattern set out for us.

All my life that I can remember has been spent in a wheel chair — a chair that makes good use of its wheels for getting around but which still is not a wholly satisfactory substitute for the usual means of locomotion. I state this fact about myself in explanation rather than as a claim to more than ordinary wisdom. I have avoided some of the mistakes I intend to discuss; others I have made and, since I am not nearly through with living, I expect to make many more. But hardly ever does one come through experience without a set of working convictions.

Nothing, in my opinion, is more generally and more indiscriminately approved than the entry of a handicapped person into some form of "humanitarian" work. Especially is this true when we see an example of the blind leading the blind, the lame supporting the lame, or any person devoting his service to those whose situation is similar to his own. "How marvelous," we say, "that affliction has been turned into good!"

This may be true and sometimes is. But not always. There are, I think, grave dangers in this line of thinking which are seldom recognized either by the individuals most concerned or by those who attempt to help them. The one who compensates for some defect is too blindly reaching for consolation to see clearly, and the advisers, sentimental and motivated by pity, are too ready to accept a solution without thinking it through. Mr. Smith, whose case will be discussed later, is an example of what I mean.

But, before his story is told, my personal bias needs to be made clear.

A short time ago I was asked to do some work in connection with a school for crippled children.

For several reasons, I refused.

My decision, at first, was entirely emotional and selfish. It makes me unhappy to be with people, especially children, who are unfortunate in this way, and my pride rebels against being identified with the afflicted. When I analyze this feeling, asking myself whether it is merely a foolish complex that should be overcome, I find reasons which seem to justify it.

In the first place, since my time is well filled not only by a paid job but also by an active interest in other projects, there seems no reason for adding the one which is uncongenial to me and which can be better done by someone else.

In the second place, I am not wholly in favor of schools for crippled children. I know that the most efficient work, from a welfare standpoint, can be done for special groups by segregation. But my own wish is that all the little victims might be given my chance to grow up in a perfectly normal world among normal people.

The youngsters who went to school with me were healthy young athletes. Sometimes, of course, I did feel left out and "different." But I shall always be grateful to my wise parents for putting me in a situation where I had to make a place for myself. I learned, while I was

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still young enough to learn easily, that a lot of fun can be had in the cheering section as well as on the field.

Children, after initial curiosity has waned, take a much more matter-of-fact attitude than grown people toward one who is unlike themselves. Impractical though it may seem, I wish the regulation schools could make the occasional adjustments necessary for the handicapped child and let him be a part of ordinary living, as he will have to be when he is grown.

My final reason for staying clear of this sort of work is consideration for the people who would have to work with me. Welfare work needs an unbiased way of looking at its problems. It should not be colored by too personal emotions, as mine would inevitably be. The milk of human kindness is not diluted but is made richer by the addition of a few parts of common sense and practical judgment. These I cannot be sure would be included in my contribution. I want to spare others the necessity of being tactful with me and to spare myself the probability of distorted vision.

Two Points of View

Mr. Smith, whom I have mentioned, would not share these ideas.

He is the victim of an automobile accident which cost him his sight. He suffered terribly during his recovery, if it can be called that, and for a time was in such a state of despair that his family was unable to help him.

One day a friend came to visit him — one of those people with more heart than sense and an overpowering desire to heal all the hurts of the world. She told him how she had prayed during his illness that his life be spared and she added her belief that these prayers had been answered in order that he might live to perform some great service. A pet project of hers, at the time, was a home for impoverished blind persons, and she tried to interest him in it.

From that day on, there began a change. Somehow the suggestion had taken hold. Since then he has become head of the home-for-the-blind auxiliary; he gives lectures; he solicits funds. His life is dedicated to the cause.

No doubt the reader will regard this as a fine example of what compensation can accomplish and will think (as Mr. Smith's family did at first) that the woman who led him to this solution did a beautiful service for him and for other sufferers. But this is only half the story.

Mr. Smith is almost as much of a problem as he was when he wanted to die. Board members find him difficult because he sees only one side of every question which confronts his beloved project. Co-operation, the interests of other worthy organizations, financial obstacles — these are unimportant details. There is talk of easing him out of the chairmanship, yet no one wants to hurt him. People who were at first sympathetic are frankly bored by his never ceasing conversation on one topic. His family is weary of running an annex to the home for the blind.

Mr. Smith's case is extreme, but anyone who has worked either professionally or as a layman in welfare organizations knows someone who at least approaches his type. Such a person, it is said, must be "handled with gloves."

Well, you ask, why not? Cannot the rest of the world, who should be thankful that they are strong and whole, put up with a few idiosyncrasies in people who are at least making a fight against difficult circumstances? Is it not to be expected that they will have some peculiarities? As long as they are getting what little satisfaction is possible for them, is it not right for others to be tolerant?

If it were proved to me that it really is for the best interests of a disabled person to have allowances made for whatever queerness he may show, perhaps I should agree. But to me Mr. Smith's case is just as sad for him as it is a trial to everybody else, including some of his protégés, who would rather be left alone. I think such an attitude is based on a philosophy which is false.

Why, for instance, should Mr. Smith's life be spared by an all-wise Creator, because a friend asked the favor? Why should he be singled out for a great work, when other lives are cut off in the midst of greatness, leaving their work undone? Am I any more useful, in the causes which interest me, because I am unable to walk? It seems hardly logical. I can think of things right now which I could accomplish better on my feet than off them.

Perhaps, you argue, I might have had no interest in the problems of others if my own life had been easy.

That might be so, but, if it were, it would be to my discredit. I know a number of able-bodied people with no discoverable reason for

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thinking of anyone but themselves who give unstintingly wherever they are needed.

The standard set for a person like Mr. Smith is too high and not high enough. It is too high, because he is made to believe that nothing less than "greatness" will even his score. It is not high enough, because it presupposes that he must be indulged in narrow-mindedness that would not be tolerated in anyone else.

Ordinary Sufferers

THEN WHAT IS the alternative?

To live a normal, well-balanced life, despite anything that may tend to unbalance it, seems to me the safest objective for the individual and the best contribution to others.

There are lots of the great in the world. A big person will do big things, whether he is flat on his back, hobbling on crutches, enduring pain or living in comfort and luxury. Clarence Day, Beethoven, Sir Walter Scott, Helen Keller, Morris Frank — pick them out of history, the daily paper, or your own circle. They are many.

But most of us lack these capacities, and it takes more than the loss of a leg or an eye to install them. How many people do you know who are kind, open-minded, agreeable, and possessed of insight, even among your healthy friends? How much rarer is it, then, to find such people among the handicapped? Is not such a personality worth dozens of crusaders? Is not its achievement real greatness and worth the striving?

I wish I might honestly imply that I was describing myself in the last paragraph. But unfortunately I am stating only what I should like to attain. I am not nearly as kind as one ought to be; I find it hard to be tolerant of some people; I get myself into more things than I can do well, because I like to feel important (compensation, if you like); and, when I am tired, my disposition is nothing to admire.

If these are my weaknesses after years of trying to overcome them, how much harder life must be for people who suddenly undergo some supreme test of character and sanity. If I am often disheartened in a life which I have had years to fill full of resources for happiness and interest, no wonder the person caught unprepared is a little likely to fail the test.

Not long ago I happened to hear a lecture on the rehabilitation of paralysis victims.

The speaker stated that children who are incapacitated after their tenth year are the greatest problem. "The child born with his defect or the one who is injured when he is quite young takes his handicap as a matter of course and makes a good adjustment."

I had a wicked impulse to shout, "That's what you think!" at the man but, although I feel that his last remark was somewhat more cheery than the situation deserves, I must admit that he is right. People like myself have grown up with their problem and have had a lifetime in which to make a slower and in the end a sounder adjustment than the person who is suddenly faced with the necessity of remaking his life, as was Mr. Smith.

Not Being a Saint

BUT, EVEN ALLOWING for this truth, I believe there is a more wholesome philosophy which can be passed on to those who must live handicapped lives. To me there is always a kind of smugness in attempts to give advice, but, if the task were mine, certain principles would be stressed.

First, stay away from people who share your problem — and this applies, I think, to other than physical frustrations. Help, of course, anyone at any time when you are really needed. But do not cast your lot with your own kind or make them your world.

To be interested only in people who are suffering what you are is little more than an extension of self-pity. It says: "This that we have to bear is the greatest affliction. Only those who have been through it understand." People who share the same sorrow can hardly avoid talking about it, and talking is too often a substitute for actually coping with an issue. Even when there is inspiration in finding how some other person handles your job, discussion heightens concentration on self. It places emphasis where it ought not to be.

By this I do not mean that one should avoid all contact with suffering. In fact, if you mingle at all freely with people, this will hardly be possible. Seek intimacies; offer service wherever you can; study people — and you cannot avoid learning that there are many ways to be happy and many to be sad.

Among my friends is a girl who is wretched because she expects a baby that she and her husband can ill afford; another is heartbroken because she is unable to have a baby at all.

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The marriage of one young couple faces destruction; another pair are unable to marry because of the man's dependent mother. Through my work I know of children who are underfed, of able-bodied men who cannot find work, of parents whose only child is an idiot, of women who are too old and tired to work but who must support themselves and their dependents.

None who permits awareness of such conditions can narrow his sympathies to include only one life disadvantage.

Be with normal, happy people, too, much of the time.

They do not understand?

So much the better. You will have to make an effort. Sympathy may start a friendship, but it never perpetuated one. If it makes you wretched to watch others enjoying what you can never have, get over that feeling first. Envy is a self-centered emotion; uprooted, it leaves space for great satisfaction.

My own experience tells me this can be done. Sometimes I am morbidly envious of my friends who have children. If I am able to reason this away, it is no credit to a "beautiful attitude" but only a practical way of curing a pain. Children are, after all, one of the most sharable of the world's joys. Why should I not forget to whom they belong and have my part in the fun? Besides, fond of them as I am, I can see that they cause their mothers more than a little distress, what with worrying about their health and character and with the perpetual round of care. I cannot say this makes me want them less but I doubt if I spend more time in wistfulness than their mothers do in anxiety.

Not all longing for natural things can be dismissed. But where is life's adventure, except in longing and effort and fulfillment and more longing?

If you want to be a normal person, do not try to be a saint. Demand of yourself just what you expect of the people about you.

The goal of perfection can be a very egotistical one. Leave the question of your own private excuse for shortcomings entirely out of your self-estimate. Have no fear that you are lacking in courage if you are sometimes depressed. Who is not, over something?

People who see nothing but sunshine, who refuse to admit their disadvantages and learn from them, seem to me not quite bright. Bitter pills must sometimes be chewed before they can be swallowed. Too much striving for courage is unwholesome. That word to me has always meant a bright-smile-covering-a-broken-heart sort of thing that just won't do. One has to do something about the broken heart, or the smile will crack to match. The best method for this is to mend slowly from the bottom up.

Look not for a life work but for life works and life play. The supply is limitless. Almost anyone can find some way to be useful to other people, but it is a mistake to feed one's vanity on this too much. Nearly anyone with a will can discover some way to have fun. Cultivate to the fullest extent every talent and interest.

The disabled person is, after all, just a human being who needs both to get and to give.

Most of what I have said is intended for people, like myself, who are situated so that they can get about, even if they are not A-1 specimens of the human physique. But I think the principles could apply to individuals, also, whose scope is much more limited.

No one needs to be limited as far as friends are concerned, because most people are kind and will seek you out wherever you happen to be stuck. They will keep on coming if they find it a give-and-take proposition.

As long as one is not shut away from people, varied experience which is the best the outer world has to offer is there for the asking. If you cannot enjoy it except by being the doer, this symptom should be the first treated.

There are, I know, some exceptional people who have the wisdom and the spirit to break all my rules with glorious success. Such people can bring comfort and inspiration to their own kind for the very reason that they have not lost sight of other values. But, for the ordinary human like myself (and special conditions do not of themselves make us more than that), I think a little soul searching is in order before we fall blindly into extremes of compensation. Whatever we do, our greatest need is for perspective.

If some accident tomorrow should deprive me of sight or hearing or the use of an arm, I know I should take it very badly for a while. But if, after a reasonable length of time, I am still thinking that there is something rather special about me and my afflictions, I hope some wise person will order me to open my eyes and take a look around.

From other people we need understanding and faith more than we need cheer or sunshine.

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The Law Is the Bunk

by **FRED RODELL**

In tribal times, there were the medicine men.

In the Middle Ages, there were the priests.

Today, there are the lawyers.

For every age, a group of bright boys, learned in their trade and jealous of their learning, blend technical competence with plain and fancy hocus-pocus to make themselves masters of their fellow men. For every age, a pseudo-intellectual autocracy, guarding the tricks of its trade from the uninitiated, runs, after its own pattern, the civilization of the day.

It is the lawyers who run our civilization for us — our governments, our business, our private lives.

Most legislators are lawyers; they make our laws. Most presidents, governors, commissioners, along with their advisers and "brain trusters" are lawyers; they administer our laws. All judges are lawyers; they interpret and enforce our laws. There is no separation of powers where the lawyers are concerned. There is only a concentration of all government power — in the lawyers. As the schoolboy put it, ours is "a government of lawyers, not of men."

It is not the businessmen, no matter how big, who run our economic world. Again it is the lawyers, the lawyers who "advise" and direct every time a company is formed, every time a bond or a share of stock is issued, every time material is to be bought or goods are to be sold, every time a deal is made. The whole elaborate structure of industry and finance is a lawyer-made house. We all live in it, but the lawyers run it.

And, in our private lives, we cannot buy a home or rent an apartment, we cannot get married or try to get divorced, we cannot die and leave our property to our children without calling on the lawyers to guide us (to guide us, incidentally, through a maze of confusing gestures and formalities that lawyers have created).

Objection may be raised immediately that there is nothing strange or wrong about this. If we did not carry on our government and business and private activities in accordance with the lawyers' rules we should have chaos or worse, as in Nazi Germany.

True — but beside the point.

The point is that it is the lawyers who make the rules and a whole civilization that follows them — or disregards them, at its peril. Yet the tremendous majority of the men who make up that civilization and who are *not* lawyers pay little heed to how and why the rules are made. They do not ask, they scarcely seem to care, which rules are good and which are bad, which are a help and which a nuisance, which are useful to society and which are useful only to the lawyers. They shut their eyes and leave to the lawyers the running of a large part of their lives.

An Echoing House of Words

Of all the specialized skills abroad in the world today, the average man knows least about the one that affects him most — about the multitudinous things that lawyers call The Law.

A man who will discourse at length about the latest cure for streptococcic infection or describe in detail his allergic symptoms cannot begin to tell you what happened to him legally — and plenty did! — when he got married. A man who would not dream of buying a car without an intricate and illustrated description of its mechanical workings will sign a lease without knowing what more than four of its forty-four clauses mean or why they are there. A man who will not hesitate to criticize or disagree with a trained economist or an expert in any one of a dozen fields of learning will follow, unquestioning and meek, whatever advice his lawyer gives him.

Normal human skepticism and curiosity

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seem to vanish entirely whenever the layman encounters The Law.

There are several reasons for this mass submission.

One is the average man's fear of the unknown — and of policemen. The law combines the threat of both. A nonlawyer confronted by The Law is like a child in a pitch-dark room. Merciless judges lurk there, ready to jump out at him. ("Ignorance of the law is no defense.") Cowed and, perforce, trusting, he takes his lawyer's hand, not knowing what false step he might make unguided nor what punishment might then lie in wait for him. He does not dare display either skepticism or disrespect when he feels that the solemn voice of the lawyer, telling him what he must or may not do, is backed by all the mighty and mysterious forces of "law and order" from the Supreme Court on down to the cop on the corner.

Then, too, every lawyer is just about the same as every other lawyer. At least he has the same thing to sell, even though it comes in slightly different models and at varying prices. The thing he has to sell is The Law. And it is as useless to run from one lawyer to another in the hope of finding something better or something different or something that makes more common sense as it would be useless to run from one Ford dealer to another if there were no Chevrolets or Plymouths or even bicycles on the market. There is no brand competition or product competition in the lawyers' trade. The customer has to take The Law or nothing. And, if the customer should want to know a little more about what he's buying — buying in direct fees or indirect fees or taxes — the lawyers need have no fear of losing business to someone else if they just plain refuse to tell him.

Yet lawyers can and often do talk about their product without telling anything about it at all. And that fact involves one of the chief reasons for the nonlawyer's persistent ignorance about The Law. Briefly, The Law is carried on in a foreign language.

Not that it deals, as do medicine and mechanical engineering, with physical phenomena and instruments which need special words to describe them, simply because there are no other words. On the contrary, law deals almost exclusively with the ordinary facts and occurrences of everyday business and government and living. But it deals with them in a jargon which completely baffles and befoozles the ordinary literate man who has no legal training to serve him as a trot.

Some of the language of the law is built out of Latin or French words or out of old English words which, but for the law, would long ago have fallen into disuse. A common street brawl means nothing to a lawyer until it has been translated into a "felony," a "misdemeanor," or a "tort"; and any of those words, when used by a lawyer, may mean nothing more than a common street brawl.

Much of the language of the law is built out of perfectly respectable English words which have been given a queer and different and exclusively legal meaning. When a lawyer speaks, for instance, of "consideration," he is definitely not referring to kindness.

All the language of the law is such, as Mr. Dooley once put it, that a statute which reads like a stone wall to the layman becomes for the corporation lawyer a triumphal arch. It is, in short, a language that nobody but a lawyer understands — or could understand, if we are to take the lawyers' word for it.

Realities behind the Smoke Screen

For one of the most revealing things about the lawyers' trade is the unanimous inability or unwillingness or both of lawyers to explain their brand of professional pig Latin to men who are not lawyers.

A doctor can and will tell you what a metatarsus is and where it is and why it is there and, if necessary, what is wrong with it. A patient electrician can explain, to the satisfaction of a medium-grade mentality, how a dynamo works. But try to pin down a lawyer, any law-

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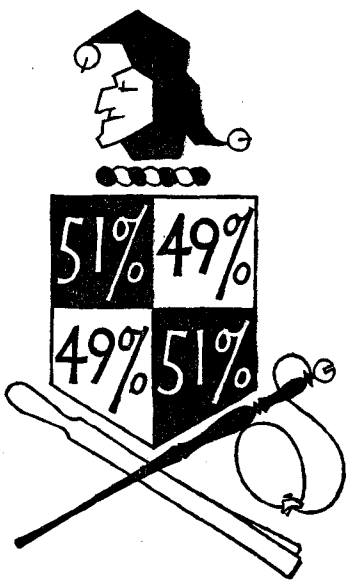
yer, on "jurisdiction" or "proximate cause" or "equitable title" — words which he tosses off with authority and apparent familiarity and which are part of his regular stock-in-trade. If he does not dismiss your question summarily with, "You're not a lawyer; you wouldn't understand," he will disappear into a cloud of legal jargon, perhaps descending occasionally to the level of a nonlegal abstraction or to the scarcely more satisfactory explanation that something is so because The Law says that it is so. That is where you are supposed to say, "I see."

It is this fact more than any other — the fact that lawyers can't or won't tell what they are about in ordinary English — that is responsible for the hopeless resignation of the nonlawyer who has tried to cope with or understand the so-called science of law. For the lawyers' trade is a trade built entirely on words. And, so long as the lawyers carefully keep to themselves the key to what those words mean, the only way the average man can find out what is going on is to become a lawyer or, at least, to study law, himself. All of which makes it very nice — and very secure — for the lawyers.

Of course any lawyer will bristle or snort with derision at the idea that what he deals in is words. He deals, he will tell you, in propositions, concepts, fundamental principles — in short, in ideas. The reason a nonlawyer gets lost in The Law is that his mind has not been trained to think logically about abstractions, whereas the lawyer's mind has been so trained. Hence the lawyer can leap lightly and logically from one abstraction to another or narrow down a general proposition to apply to a particular case with an agility that leaves the nonlawyer bewildered and behind. This is a pretty little picture.



Yet it is not necessary to go into semantics to show that it is a very silly little picture.

No matter what lawyers deal *in*, the thing they deal *with* is exclusively the stuff of living. When a government wants to collect money and a rich man does not want to pay it, when a company wants to fire a worker and the worker wants to keep his job, when an automobile driver runs down a pedestrian and the pedestrian says it was the driver's fault and the driver says it wasn't — these things are living facts, not airy abstractions. And the only thing that matters about the law is the way it handles these facts and a million others.

The point is that legal abstractions mean nothing at all until they are brought down to earth. Once brought down to earth, once applied to physical facts, the abstractions become nothing but words — words by which lawyers describe and justify the things that lawyers do. Lawyers would always like to believe that the principles they say they work with are something more than a complicated way of talking about simple, tangible, nonlegal matters; but they are not. Thus the late Justice Holmes was practically a traitor to his trade when he said, as he did say, "General propositions do not decide concrete cases."

To dismiss the abstract principles of The Law as being no more, in reality, than high-sounding combinations of words may, in one sense, be a trifle confusing. Law in action does, after all, amount to the application of rules to human conduct; and rules may be said to be, inevitably, abstractions themselves. But there is a difference, a big one.

"Anyone who spits on this platform will be fined five dollars" is a rule and, in a sense, an abstraction; yet it is easily understood, it needs no lawyer to interpret it, and it applies simply and directly to a specific factual thing.

But "Anyone who willfully and maliciously spits on this platform will be fined five dollars" is an abstraction of an entirely different color. The Law has sneaked into the rule in the words "willfully and maliciously." Those words have no real meaning outside of lawyers' minds until someone who spits on the platform is or is not fined five dollars — and they have none afterward until someone else spits on the platform and does or does not get fined.

The whole of The Law — its concepts, its principles, its propositions — is made up of "will-

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fullys" and "maliciouslys," of words that cannot possibly be pinned down to a precise meaning and that are, in the last analysis, no more than words. As a matter of fact, the bulk of The Law is made up of words with far less apparent relation to reality than "willfully" or "maliciously." And you can look through every bit of The Law — criminal law, business law, government law, family law — without finding a single rule that makes as much simple sense as "Anyone who spits on this platform will be fined five dollars."

Insiders and Outsiders

That, of course, is why a nonlawyer can never make rhyme or reason out of a lawyer's attempted explanation of the way The Law works. The nonlawyer wants the whole business brought down to earth. The lawyer cannot bring it down to earth without, in so doing, leaving The Law entirely out of it.

To say that the Wagner labor act was held valid because five out of the nine judges on the Supreme Court approved it personally or because they thought it wiser policy to uphold it than to risk further presidential agitation for a change in the membership of the Court — to say this is certainly not to explain The Law of the case. Yet to say this makes a great deal more sense to the layman and comes a great deal closer to the truth than does the legal explanation that the act was held valid because it constituted a proper exercise of Congress' power to regulate interstate commerce. You can probe the words of that legal explanation to their depths and bolster them with other legal propositions dating back 150 years, and they will still mean, for all practical purposes, exactly nothing.

There is no more pointed demonstration of the chasm between ordinary human thinking and the mental processes of the lawyer than in the almost universal reaction of law students when they first encounter The Law.

They come to law school a normally intelligent, normally curious, normally receptive group. Day in and day out they are subjected to the legal lingo of judges, textbook writers, professors — those learned in The Law. But for months none of it clicks; there seems to be nothing to take hold of. These students cannot find, anywhere in their past knowledge or experience, a hook on which to hang all this strange talk of "mens roa" and "fee simple" and "due process" and other unearthly things. Long and involved explanations in lectures and lawbooks only make it all more confusing. The students know that law eventually deals with extremely practical matters like buying land and selling stock and putting thieves in jail. But all that they read and hear seems to stem not only from a foreign language but from a strange and foreign way of thinking.

Eventually their confusion, founded though it is in stubborn and healthy skepticism, is worn down. Eventually they succumb to the barrage of principles and concepts and all the metaphysical refinements that go with them. And, once they have learned to talk the jargon, once they have forgotten their recent insistence on matter-of-factness, once they have begun to glory in their own agility at that mental hocus-pocus that had them befuddled a short while ago, then they have become, in the most important sense, lawyers. Now they too have joined the select circle of those who can weave a complicated intellectual riddle out of something so mundane as a strike or an automobile accident. Now it will be hard, if not impossible, ever to bring them back to that disarmingly direct way of thinking about the problems of people and society which they used to share with the average man before they fell in with the lawyers and swallowed The Law.

Learning the lawyers' talk and the lawyers' way of thinking — learning to discuss the pros and cons of, say, pure-food laws in terms of "affectation with a public interest" as against "interference with freedom of contract" — is very much like learning to work cryptograms or play bridge. It requires concentration and memory and some analytic ability and for those who become proficient it can be a stimulating intellectual game. Yet those who work cryptograms or play bridge never pretend that their mental efforts, however difficult and involved, have any significance beyond the game they are playing. Whereas those who play the legal game not only pretend but insist that their intricate ratiocinations in the realms of pure thought have a necessary relation to the solution of practical problems.

It is through the medium of their weird and wordy mental gymnastics that the lawyers lay down the rules under which we live. And it

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is only because the average man cannot play their game and so cannot see for himself how intrinsically empty of meaning their playthings are that the lawyers continue to get away with it.

Comes the Revolution?

The legal trade, in short, is nothing but a high-class racket. It is a racket far more lucrative and more powerful and hence more dangerous than any of those minor and much-publicized rackets, such as ambulance chasing or the regular defense of known criminals, which make up only a tiny part of the law business and against which the respectable members of the bar are always making speeches and taking action.

A John W. Davis, when he exhorts a court in the name of God and Justice and the Constitution — and, incidentally, for a fee — not to let the federal government regulate holding companies, is playing the racket for all it is worth. So is a Justice Sutherland when he solemnly forbids a State to impose an inheritance tax on the ground that the transfer — an abstraction — of the right to get dividends — another abstraction — did not take place *geographically* inside the taxing State. And so, for that matter, are all the Corcorans and Cohens and Thurman Arnolds and the rest, whose value to the New Deal lies not in their political views but in their ability to manipulate the words of The Law so as to make things sound perfectly proper which other lawyers, by manipulating different words in a different way, maintain are terribly improper.

The legal racket knows no political or social limitations.

Furthermore, the lawyers — or at least 99.44 per cent of them — are not even aware that they are indulging in a racket, and are shocked at the very mention of the idea. Once bitten by the legal bug, they lose all sense of perspective about what they are doing and how they are doing it. Like the medicine men of tribal times and the priests of the Middle Ages, they actually believe in their own nonsense.

This fact, of course, makes their racket all the more insidious. Consecrated fanatics are always more dangerous than conscious villains. And lawyers are fanatics indeed about the sacredness of the word magic they call The Law.

Yet the saddest and most insidious fact about the legal racket is that the general public doesn't realize it's a racket either. Scared, befuddled, impressed, and ignorant, the citizens take what is fed them — or, rather, what is sold them.

Only once an age do the nonlawyers get not wise but disgusted — and rebel. As Harold Laski is fond of putting it, in every revolution the lawyers lead the way to the guillotine or the firing squad.

It should not, however, require a revolution to rid society of lawyer control. Nor is riddance by revolution ever likely to be a permanent solution.

The American colonists had scarcely freed themselves from the nuisances of The Law by practically ostracizing the pre-Revolutionary lawyers from their communities — a little appreciated fact — when a new and homemade crop of lawyers sprang up to take over the affairs of the baby nation. That crop of lawyers, 150 years later, is still growing in numbers and in power.

What is really needed to put the lawyers in their places and out of the seats of the mighty is no more than a slashing of the veil of dignified mystery that now surrounds and protects The Law. If people could be made to realize how much of the vaunted majesty of The Law is a hoax and how many of the mighty processes of The Law are merely logical legerdemain, they would not long let the lawyers lead them around by the nose.

And people have recently begun, bit by bit, to catch on. The great illusion of The Law has been leaking a little at the edges.

There was President Roosevelt's plan to add to the membership of the Supreme Court, in order to get different decisions. Even those who opposed the plan — and they, of course, included almost all the lawyers — recognized, by the very passion of their arguments, that the plan would have been effective — in other words, that by merely changing judges you could change the Highest Law of the Land. And, when the Highest Law of the Land was changed without even changing judges (!), when the same nine men said that something was constitutional this year which had been unconstitutional only last year (!), then even the most credulous of laymen began to wonder a little about the immutability of The Law.

It did not add to public awe of The Law,

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either, when Thomas Dewey's prosecution of a Tammany hack was suddenly thrown out of court on a technicality so piddling that every newspaper in New York City raised an editorial howl — against a perfectly routine application of The Law.

And such minor incidents as the recent discovery that one of Staten Island's leading law practitioners had never passed a bar examination and so was not, officially, a lawyer do not add to The Law's prestige.

Yet it will take something more than a collection of happenings like these to break down, effectively, the superstition of the grandeur of The Law and the hold which that superstition has on the minds of most men.

It will take some cold realization that the inconsistencies and absurdities of The Law that occasionally come into the open are not just accidents but commonplaces. It will take some awakening to the fact that training in The Law does not make lawyers wiser than other men but only smarter.

If the nonlawyers ever do catch on, Lord help the lawyers. They would have to get down, for a change, to some useful work, such as selling apples or digging ditches. And perhaps nothing better could happen to our civilization than to have the nonlawyers suddenly see how downright silly is the whole solemn business of The Law and to have them rise up, in a peaceful way, and cast out of the seats of the mighty those modern purveyors of streamlined voodoo and chromium-plated theology, the lawyers.

Hurricane's Wake

The anonymous angers that the earth and sky
Gather and hoard — and hurl upon us, here,
To march an ampler awe before the eye,
And show the heart more monstrous shapes of fear,
Were lately with us, who, being feeble men,
Were cowed and dwarfed beneath the giant stride
That stumbled through the roaring trees, again,
Through towns again, through the heart's confident pride.

This was but lately . . . and already, now,
The gentle sky that we have loved for long,
And the soft wind like fingers on the brow,
Again are whispers in the secret song
That the heart sings to praise her lot in love:
Here the sweet earth, there the grave sky above.

David Morton

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Shall We Tax the Churches?

by **ANTHONY M. TURANO**

THAT LEGALIZED TAX DODGING is losing favor as a matter of national policy is indicated by the recent tergiversations of the United States Supreme Court, as well as the projected congressional action against exempt securities. But no such wave of common sense has yet struck the various State legislatures, where the notion still prevails that to require a church to bear its just share of governmental dues is an offense comparable to an irreverent looting of the poor box.

To be sure, the exemption of a minister's shop from taxation is exactly the same as paying his salary. Nevertheless, fully $7,000,000,000 in untaxed property are owned by the various religious corporations of the Republic. Calculated at the average tax rate of 2 per cent of the actual value, this means that the forty-eight States and their political subdivisions are annually rejecting $140,000,000 in revenues.

The expense of providing this gigantic estate with police and fire protection, a system of courts, and other services has inevitably increased the tax rate on private homes and enterprises. In Georgia, for example, twenty thousand children are walking the streets simply because secular realty will not bear any more taxes with which to raise the $5,000,000 already due schoolteachers. For like reasons, the school funds of Ohio show a deficit of $17,000,000 that cannot be exorcised by prayers. Every other State has been struggling with financial shortages in one department or another. If all the tax money heretofore forgiven to churches had been collected and impounded for future use, each State could have met not only its school budget but also the greater part of its relief burden.

But the mystic respect for hallowed ground continues in full force in every commonwealth. In some jurisdictions, an aura of holiness descends on every last piece of worldly goods that stands in the name of a celestial corporation.

In remitting $995.55 in annual taxes due from the Methodist Episcopal Church, in 1925, the South Dakota Supreme Court explained that all property of a religious society was exempt, "regardless of its character, extent, location, or the purposes for which it is used"; so that, if a holy man decides to give a profane merchant a run for his money, the State will fight on God's side by waiving the taxes.

According to the highest tribunal in Tennessee, "a publishing house incorporated as an arm" of a church is no less entitled to political largess than a house of worship.

In another case, the United States Supreme Court ruled that an exempt religious institution may own and conduct a cotton press, valued at $90,000.

That churches are not particularly squeamish about the source of an honest dollar is suggested by the fact that only thirty years ago some of the most opulent basilicas in New York were drawing fat rentals as owners of the filthiest tenements in the city.

In three or four States, the exemption applies to only a fixed number of acres; while in New Hampshire a church is immune from taxes up to $150,000 of its value. But most statutes favor all property *used* for religious purposes, without reference to area; and the sky alone limits the height of the steeple. No taxes are yielded by Trinity Church, valued at more than $25,000,000, or by St. Paul's Cathedral and St. Bartholomew's Church, worth respectively $6,600,000 and $3,650,000.

Moreover, the doctrine of assessorial untouchability usually covers parsonages; and in New York a minister living in a tax-free rectory has a further exemption on the first $1,500 of the private hoard that he cajoles from his congregation or earns in stock speculations.

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A Wide-Open Field

As early as 1875, President Grant pointed out that the growing evil of an already vast ecclesiastical estate, receiving all the "benefits of government, without bearing its proportion of the burden," might ultimately "lead to sequestration without constitutional authority, and through blood."

But the legal absurdities have since increased *pari passu* with God's acres. Exemptions have been given to the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., Bible societies, revivalist camps, and religiously owned commercial hospitals. Not infrequently, the usual exemption in favor of parochial schools has been supplemented with free textbooks and bus service; and in some municipalities the cost of sidewalks and pavement near consecrated land was added to the tax bill of infidel and devout alike.

In the case of *The People Vs. The Catholic Bishop of Chicago* (1924), involving "a seminary for the purpose of preparing young men for the priesthood," the Supreme Court of Illinois granted tax immunity to a total of 465 acres, including the gardener's residence, a nursery "to be used to beautify the grounds," a dormitory of 190 rooms, a lake where "boating and swimming would be indulged in" (presumably for religious purposes), a baseball diamond, a tennis court, and even the summer home of the Archbishop.

If the general taxpayer complains that the training of a celibate clergy is important only to Catholics, the judicial answer is that the "dogmas of the various sects are to be treated with equal respect." Consequently, a league of fanatics may devote themselves, like the Penitentes of New Mexico, to self-flagellation; another, in Arizona, may take on a little polygamy in honor of Abraham; and a third may embrace voodooism or even cannibalism. Such groups may be punished under the penal laws, but their houses of worship are beyond the assessor's reach.

Since no evangelist can produce an authentic power of attorney, the law must assume that every reversed collar caresses the neck of a Savonarola. Thus a full supply of free governmental service flows to temples conducted by such mountebank sacrists as Pastor Teester, who induced a rattlesnake to bite him "for the glory of God"; Necromancer Noe, who fasted twenty-two days to prove that the Christian spirit can live on hot air as well as beans; and Father Divine, who was not born like other men but was "combusted" into a God somewhere in Harlem.

About four years ago, the Spiritual Psychic Science Church of Los Angeles began to turn out parsons for $25 and bishops for $40, sight unseen. By sending the required fee, a New York newspaper reporter had himself ordained a man of God by return mail, with full power to assume "all the duties that may devolve upon him" in that capacity.

As soon as such a padre collects enough cash to open a salvation plant, the State accords him divine rights. It would be unconstitutional to distinguish between holiness and superstition.

In 1936, the three owners of a 12-acre tract in The Bronx, valued at $245,000, constituted themselves "members of the first degree" of a mushroom monkery known as the Order of the Living Christ. The land would have been socially more useful as a rabbit farm, but a New York court declared it exempt for God's sake.

A Deficiency in Logic

Since the law defines a church as "a body of persons who usually meet at some stated place for worship of God and religious instruction," no special favors can be shown to Christianity. The Supreme Court of Nevada accordingly held, as recently as 1925, that a Chinese joss house was no less exempt than any other temple. In the following year, the New York Court of Appeals awarded the same right to a clubhouse and one hundred guest rooms where 1,500 Methodist missionaries were afforded "wholesome relaxation and diversion" from their service among the heathen. The preposterous result is that American homeowners must not only help carry Methodism to China but also bear added taxes to enable the Chinese to convert Methodists to Buddhism in America.

If lawgivers insist that the proper concern of secular government is not a chicken in every pot but a penitent in every pew, they might at least inquire into the efficacy of prevailing methods. According to religious statisticians, a total of 642,264 new black sheep were enrolled with the various shepherds of the Republic in 1937. This is another way of saying that it took

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an army of eight hundred Christian soldiers, captained by four ministers and laboring for five weeks, with spiritual armories worth $7,000,000,000, to snatch one timid mortal from the claws of Satan. The game may not be worth the candle, when there is no certainty that Old Nick will not reclaim his own during the following year.

It is argued that the churches have been earning their gratuities by serving as "social agencies for good." If so, every prison in the Republic would be an exclusive limbo for infidels, instead of a purgatory for the devout. Of all convicts received at Sing Sing during the year 1937–1938, only 3 per cent claimed no religious affiliation. Similar figures are given by San Quentin prison in California. After due allowance for a few liars, the fact remains that the States entertain a great army of Christian backsliders in institutions that are not supported by religious corporations.

Indeed, the natural effect of tax exemptions has been to sustain the illusion of ecclesiastical tycoons that the least learned of the professions has the greatest right to become politically troublesome. Consequently, the state has been compelled to plow through such low-grade nuisances as the A.P.A., puritanical blue laws, smut-hunting Comstockeries, Catholic campaigns against birth control, pulpit-fostered revivals of the Ku Klux Klan, the Methodist-begotten Eighteenth Amendment, and the intolerant clericalism that saved Old Glory from the popish menace of Al Smith.

It would be equally difficult to contend that the celestial corporations have repaid the state by helping the poor, the halt, and the blind. In 1937, the current expenses of the twenty-one larger religious groups totaled $246,290,875, compared to $53,391,330 listed as "benevolences." To make matters worse, the bulk of the so-called benevolences was avowedly denominational, leaving only $2,832,973 to denote a manifestation of love for mankind in general. In other words, the churches have been returning in the form of charity less than 4 per cent of what they annually save in taxes.

If almsgiving must be enforced by statute, the general population ought to be allowed to entrust its pennies to the more terrestrial agencies. Without owning any property on which to claim exemption, 103 community chests distributed fully 92.2 per cent of the $35,954,059 they collected during the year 1933.

Moreover, if tax immunities were granted according to piety or virtue, every paynim could redeem his home with a hallelujah and his car with a clean police blotter. But the truth is that the amount forgiven to each church depends entirely on its wealth, as if the tallest campanile were likely to scrape the biggest hole into paradise. Hence there was no withdrawal of privilege from pacifist churches during the World War, when their 56,830 members of draft age declared their allergies to gunpowder and petitioned God to defend America to the last infidel.

Anachronistic Exemptions

What makes the entire policy so irrational is the fact that it comes down to us, without modification, from colonial times when clergymen were supported by general taxation and the ballot was restricted to church members.

In Maryland, the fixed price of salvation was 40 pounds of tobacco, to be paid by every inhabitant, under penalty of seizure of house or mule. Special exemption from taxation was given to "beneficed clergymen of the Church of England, paupers and disabled slaves." In Connecticut and Massachusetts, where the established church was the Congregational, it was not until 1727 that the Episcopalians managed to have their taxes applied to the support of their own ministers. And even then colonists belonging to neither denomination were compelled to help finance the official creed. Since churches were administrative units of the theocratic state, no less than city halls and county jails, they were not taxed simply because they were supported by taxation.

With the adoption of the federal Constitution, forbidding Congress to make any "law respecting an establishment of religion," and the insertion of similar prohibitions in the State constitutions, the churches were reduced to the legal status of private corporations. The continuance of tax immunity was probably owing to the small value of ecclesiastical holdings or the belief that the great majority of the citizenry would always be enrolled in one faith or another.

It is certain that, with the decline of secta-

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rian religion, the policy of tax exemption gradually resumed the function of an antiheresy law whereby the unchurched majority is penalized for the benefit of a pious minority. According to the latest figures, the total membership of all churches is 64,156,895. But, as a candid parson lately confessed in the *Christian Century*, the figures would be 70 per cent lower if computations were based on actual attendance and contribution. Even if the devil's dues are restricted to the 65,843,105 souls whom the churches disclaim, the alleged constitutional right of Americans to freedom of conscience is still a farce.

James H. Leuba has recently shown that "half of the business men, lawyers and writers listed in *Who's Who in America*," and two thirds of the men of science "reject the God of the Christian churches." Among the biologists, acceptance of the theory of evolution is nearly unanimous. Nevertheless, every skeptic who owns property in fundamentalist territory is willy-nilly helping a coterie of moronic messiahs to lobby for laws limiting human knowledge to Biblical myth. If the agnosticism of physicians is proverbial, the fact does not excuse them from contributing their quota to the end that the untaxed mosques of Mother Eddy may continue to tell the world that a colony of microbes can be evicted by a truck driver "demonstrating" properly with an inspired book.

Let's Have a Clean Break

This system of taxation without representation cannot be wholly satisfactory to the pious themselves. The members of an untaxed synagogue in Michigan can hardly relish, any more than the great crowd of tolerant infidels, the civic duty of helping to foot a political bounty on a $750,000 shrine where Father Coughlin inculcates the Sermon on the Mount by encouraging anti-Semitism in the name of the Jewish Saviour. The mutual respect between creeds may be inferred from the fact that Protestants and Catholics refuse to be found dead together in the same cemeteries. And, if evangelists are so unanimous about a common right to a political bonus, the only explanation is that a man whose hand is immersed in the public purse cannot logically or prudently object to the other fists busy on an identical mission.

The same conception of even-handed justice accounts also for the general agreement among vestrymen that churches are too poor to accept their civic burdens. What this allegation of penury really means, however, is that the salvation merchants have used up their patrimony on overhead equipment and must keep the tax money to buy knives with which to cut the throats of their competitors.

As the result of a general boom in sin-slaying structures, their average value rose from $6,788 in 1906 to $18,920 in 1926; while Unitarians and Jews refused to lower their heads in shops worth any less than $80,000. Since the movement was doubtless engineered by acquisitive Beelzebubs posing as real-estate promoters, there was no compensatory gain in converts. So the men of God found themselves beholden to the money-changers to the tune of $500,000,000 on their temples and $45,000,000 more on their parsonages.

Now in the case of a chain of stores dealing in tangible goods, the budget may be balanced by moving some into humbler quarters and discontinuing others of the weaker links. Although a hint to the faithful may be blasphemy, it is well known that the entire church membership of the Republic could be comfortably sheltered under one third the number of sacred roofs now available. The only genuine knockout ever suffered by Satan was administered, after all, by a Man whose church was the wilderness and whose equivalent of a cardinal's limousine was a borrowed donkey. It is a legal privilege, of course, for each group of Christians to demand a separate hall on the drop of a spiritual comma. But the financing of 213 routes to heaven is not the duty of the less captious general population.

The mere fact that church and state were once living in holy *Anschluss* is no reason to continue payment of alimony 150 years after the divorce, when a simple legislative repeal would, in most States, give a true meaning to freedom of conscience. The same result would be brought about by a judicial reconsideration of the "due process" and "equal protection" provisions of the federal Constitution.

In Louisville, Kentucky, a few years ago, it was sought to exempt from taxation a water company whose commodity was used by "only a fraction of the population." The State Supreme Court set the law aside as an attempt

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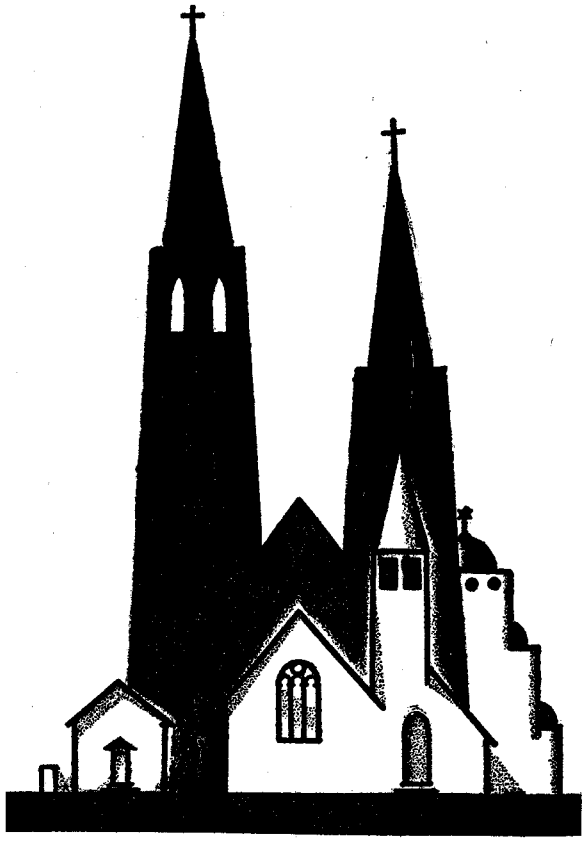
to cast on all inhabitants of the city "a portion of the burden which should rest upon the patrons of the company."

Until religion is made compulsory, there is no difference between a set of private hydrants and a chain of elective spiritual fountains.

We have been warned, of course, that, when churches are taxed, revolution is just around the corner.

But a republic that has managed to survive by assessing such indispensable social units as homes and industries is not likely to perish when equal taxation is applied to less important private associations. Indeed, the churches themselves will gain in dignity and independence what they will fairly disburse in sordid silver. A political moratorium on the organ suggests an assessor's right to call the tune. Besides, it is not easy to agree that, when the Lord said, "Render therefore unto Caesar, the things which *are* Caesar's," He meant that His children should escape, as corporations, the civil duties exacted from them as individuals.



This discussion of tax exemption of church property will be continued in a debate to be presented at an early date

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The Forum Quiz

This Quiz is designed especially for FORUM readers — to please them but not to measure their intelligence. The questions should not be difficult for the average person. They cover both the light and the serious aspects of politics, science, sports, business, and the arts. Many FORUM readers find the Quiz a stimulating source of entertainment when friends happen to drop in or at parties. Counting 2½ points for each correct answer, a Leland Stanford graduate scored 77½. A young businesswoman scored 72½. Answers on p. XII of advertising section.

1. "Fortunately, I am not one myself," you reply in answer to the first quiz question, "but I do know that a platterbug is no relation to the jitterbug, the shutterbug, or the bedbug." A platterbug is a person:
(*a*) *who eats blue-plate specials for lunch*
(*b*) *collects old phonograph records*
(*c*) *is crazy about silver plate*

2. The night clerk at the Waldorf Astoria might very well raise an eyebrow if one couple out of those listed here were to register together. They're not married to each other, whereas all the rest are:
(*a*) *Gary Cooper and Veronica Balfe*
(*b*) *Frederic March and Florence Eldridge*
(*c*) *Lily Pons and Andre Baruch*

3. Certainly, you say, I know Frank Kent well. He is a:
(*a*) *television expert* (*b*) *critic of the New Deal*
(*c*) *National League catcher* (*d*) *ex-radio manufacturer*

4. At the first tee on a sunny Saturday afternoon, your opponent suggests "match" play. He means:
(*a*) *no handicap* (*b*) *whiffs don't count*
(*c*) *whoever takes the most holes wins*
(*d*) *whoever has the lowest total of strokes wins*

5. When someone mentions Orozco, one thinks of:
(*a*) *guitar music* (*b*) *Spanish war drawings*
(*c*) *medallions* (*d*) *Mexican murals*

6. This one is easy. Just pick the true statement:
(*a*) *John Kieran writes for the* Washington Post.
(*b*) *Bob Feller is an outstanding baseball pitcher.*
(*c*) *Jock Sutherland is football coach at Pittsburgh.*

7. And now for a brief struggle with the classics. Please select the proper last line:

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup . . . .

(*a*) *A toast for auld lang syne*
(*b*) *The print of thy lips divine*
(*c*) *And I'll not look for wine*

8. And since his job is to keep an eagle eye on your investments, it might be wise to remember that the able chairman of the S.E.C. is none other than:
(*a*) *Paul McNutt* (*b*) *Jerome Frank* (*c*) *Lewis Douglas*

9. Coming out of a pavilion at the New York World's Fair is a short, stocky man, with a thatch of brown hair, named Norman Bel Geddes. You would say:
(*a*) "*Hello, Norman. Written any more plays?*"
(*b*) "*Your statues are the hit of the Fair.*"
(*c*) "*That Futurama's certainly pulling them in.*"

10. Just on the tip of my tongue. Oh, yes, the character named Sam Weller appears in Charles Dickens'
(*a*) *Pickwick Papers* (*b*) *Martin Chuzzlewit*
(*c*) *David Copperfield* (*d*) *Oliver Twist*

11. When the jury acquitted the guilty but glamorous chorus girl, she said, "Gentlemen, I'm glad you don't believe murder is my métier." She meant it was not:
(*a*) *the thing she did best* (*b*) *her habit*
(*c*) *her weakness* (*d*) *a typographical error*

12. Adolph Hitler probably holds _____ in prison for fear he may become a modern Martin Luther:
(*a*) *Bishop Mueller* (*b*) *Martin Niemoller*
(*c*) *Wilhelm Frick* (*d*) *Eric Maria Remarque*

13. Contrary to popular belief, the contents of a hot dog, including those eaten at Hyde Park, are not one of life's inscrutable mysteries. Hot dogs are made of:
(*a*) *beef and pork* (*b*) *stray pups*
(*c*) *pork and mutton* (*d*) *all the pig except the squeal*

14. When Aunt Clytemnestra looks up from the sports section and says, "Arthur, what is the rigging of a sloop?" you would put down your cigar and say:
(*a*) "*A regular mainsail with one jib, Auntie.*"
(*b*) "*It has a main and a mizzenmast, far aft.*"
(*c*) "*The two masts are of equal height.*"

15. Please identify the source of the following quotation:

Today I consider it my good fortune that Fate designated Braunau on the Inn as the place of my birth. For this small town is situated on the border between those two German States, the reunion of which seems, at least to us of the younger generation, a task to be furthered with every means our lives long.

(*a*) *Emil Hacha* (*b*) *Konrad Henlein* (*c*) *Adolf Hitler*

16. Most of the world's bores who tell you that "it isn't the heat, it's the humidity," don't even know that humidity is the:
(*a*) *ratio between moisture content and saturation*
(*b*) *weight of water per cubic inch of air*
(*c*) *osmosis of air and water*

17. Identify the recent novel whence comes the following:

"I was a preacher," said the man seriously. "Reverend Jim Casy — was a Burning Busher. Used to howl out the name of Jesus to glory. And used to get an irrigation ditch so squirmin' full of repented sinners half of 'em like to drownded. But not no more," he sighed. "Just Jim Casy now."

(*a*) *U. S. A.* (*b*) *The Web and the Rock*
(*c*) *The Tree of Liberty* (*d*) *The Grapes of Wrath*

18. The new High Commissioner to the Philippines is:
(*a*) *Francis B. Sayre* (*b*) *Frank B. McNinch*
(*c*) *Paul McNutt* (*d*) *John Carmody*

19. In what sport is it proper to replace your divots?
(*a*) *croquet* (*b*) *pool* (*c*) *golf* (*d*) *badminton*

20. Perhaps the main objection to the government housing program is that:
(*a*) *it ignores the need of the vast majority*
(*b*) *land is condemned at too low rates*
(*c*) *much of the new housing is already obsolescent*

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21. One of these books was not written by Thackeray:
(*a*) *Vanity Fair* (*d*) *The Newcomes*
(*b*) *Barry Lyndon* (*e*) *The Betrothed*
(*c*) *Pendennis* (*f*) *The Virginians*

22. On a Friday night you dutifully take Aunt Hattie to the movies. You see a mystery film in which there is a train, a spy, a beautiful girl, and an ingenious murder. Very likely, the film director would be:
(*a*) *Frank Capra* (*b*) *John Ford* (*c*) *Alfred Hitchcock*

23. Most readers of poetry will know that hyssop, rue, anise, and basil are all:
(*a*) *herbs* (*b*) *roots* (*c*) *fruits*

24. Judging by attendance, the No. 1 U. S. tourist attraction is:
(*a*) *the White House* (*b*) *Hollywood* (*c*) *Pike's Peak*
(*d*) *Rockefeller Center* (*e*) *the Grand Canyon*

25. Besides being one of the world's great painters, Leonardo da Vinci was also a notable:
(*a*) *engineer* (*b*) *poet* (*c*) *writer* (*d*) *chemist*

26. Maria Montessori? Oh, yes, of course. You mean the:
(*a*) *atom smasher* (*b*) *nurse* (*c*) *painter*
(*d*) *brain surgeon* (*e*) *educator* (*f*) *golfer*

27. Your precocious five-year-old son, Agammemnon, is still asking embarrassing questions. "Just what," he wants to know, "is the opera *Mignon* all about?" You would reply, correctly, "Well, the plot is so worn out even Hollywood is thinking of giving it up. It's about:"
(*a*) "*a gypsy girl in boys' clothes who turns out to be a long-lost heiress.*"
(*b*) "*an emissary, sent to fetch The Girl for his boss, who falls for her himself.*"
(*c*) "*a worthy brother who takes the place of a dissolute one, and only the girl-friend knows the difference.*"

28. Wendell Willkie has battled long and lustily to gain equal rights for private utilities in the Tennessee Valley. The result is:
(*a*) *The TVA has forced private companies to sell out.*
(*b*) *The TVA and private companies will share the field.*
(*c*) *The TVA will supervise the private companies.*

29. Kindly pick out the one wrongly spelled word:
This is a delectable spot for a picnic, but the food doesn't taste right without ants in it. Those ubiquitous termites are not abhorent to me.

30. In what novelette of recent years do two wandering farmhands get jobs on a ranch, after which one of them, a moron, commits murder unintentionally, whereupon his friend shoots him to save him from a lynching?
(*a*) *Three Men on a Horse* (*b*) *Brother Rat*
(*c*) *Sailor on Horseback* (*d*) *Of Mice and Men*

31. "My, my, but Themistocles is restive today," says your wife of your newborn son. If she had not gone to Vassar, she'd have said:
(*a*) "*That little twerp is certainly unruly.*"
(*b*) "*He's hungry all the time.*"
(*c*) "*I wish his pa had his energy.*"

32. Before long there will be an island Gibraltar in the Caribbean. It is being built by the U. S. in:
(*a*) *The Virgin Islands* (*b*) *Puerto Rico* (*c*) *Key West*

33. Now and then universities suffer from picayune State politics, but one of these has recently taken a worse drubbing than is usually the case:
(*a*) *University of California* (*b*) *Harvard*
(*c*) *Louisiana State* (*d*) *Kansas University*

34. One of these newspapers has the largest daily circulation in the world:
(*a*) *N. Y. Daily News* (*b*) *London Daily Express*
(*c*) *Le Temps* (*d*) *Kansas City Star*

35. No, women's opinions do not rate highly in Italy today, but there is one woman Mussolini listens to:
(*a*) *Rachele Mussolini* (*b*) *Edda Ciano*
(*c*) *Signora Dino Grandi* (*d*) *Princess Maria José*

36. The following lines are from "The Victory Dance," by a modern poet. Recall who he is?

God how the dead men/Grin by the Wall,
Watching the fun/Of the Victory Ball.

(*a*) *Joyce Kilmer* (*b*) *John McCrae* (*c*) *Alfred Noyes*

37. Siam, across which the Japanese would like to build a canal and thus reduce the strategic value of Britain's Singapore naval base, has changed its name to:
(*a*) *Thai* (*b*) *Bipul* (*c*) *Mahidol* (*ed*) *Bisodol*

38. We don't ask you to remember who did say it but just who might likely have said, "To be in love is merely to be in a state of perceptual anaesthesia."
(*a*) *Eugene O'Neill*
(*b*) *Gov. Dickinson of Michigan*
(*c*) *H. L. Mencken*

39. Which statement is false?
(*a*) *Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" was never finished because a caller interrupted him.*
(*b*) *Edgar Rice Burroughs writes the Tarzan stories.*
(*c*) *Kit Marlowe wrote "Pericles, Prince of Tyre."*

40. A fine old American ballad, recently sanctified by being discussed in a Ph.D. thesis, is "The Good Old Mountain Dew." Please fill in the fourth line:

Beside a hill there is a still
Where the smoke runs up to the sky
You can always tell by the whiff and the smell . . . .

(*a*) *That she's baking apple pie*
(*b*) *You'll be blotto by and by*
(*c*) *That the liquor boys are nigh*

(*Compiled and edited by* Jo Hubbard Chamberlin)

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The News Abroad

Stocktaking

by **VERNON BARTLETT**

THIS ARTICLE is what the French call a *tour d'horizon* and what the British, being a nation of shopkeepers, call stocktaking.

It is probable — but one of those things that can never be proved — that an immediate British acceptance of the Russian proposals of last March (for a meeting of six foreign ministers in Bucharest) or of last April (for an Anglo-Franco-Russian alliance) would have given so much confidence to other states that an overwhelming array of force would have driven Herr Hitler to the conclusion that he could not conceivably win a war. But inexcusable delays in London gave the excuse for almost as inexcusable delays in Moscow, so that the Anglo-Soviet pact, if and when it is signed, will have lost all its deterrent effect; there are even sensible and well-informed Germans who believe it would be the one act which would bring Hitler into war.

It is probably true that signatures on a document would no longer make very much difference one way or another — if it is in their obvious national interests to fight side by side, Great Britain and Russia will do so; if there is any doubt, they won't. Personally, I am inclined to believe that, if war broke out, the Soviet Union would remain neutral for the first few months but would immobilize a large Japanese army in Manchukuo and would give encouragement to the Polish army until the Germans came so close to the Russian frontier that the encouragement had, as a measure of self-defense, to become active co-operation.

In this atmosphere of doubt, the Germans are believed to have abandoned their hopes of a successful "lightning" war, but the other powers also must certainly abandon their hopes of an immediate defeat of the "axis" powers. The incentive to join the so-called "peace bloc" would not overcome fears of the wrath of Germany in the minds of statesmen who would otherwise be tempted to do so. Therefore, Hitler still has every reason to continue his policy of mingled threats and flattery.

There is only one absolute certainty. If Hitler goes to war, it must be over some issue on which he can convince the great mass of his countrymen that he is fighting in self-defense. For that reason, he will continue to press his claims in Danzig, despite Lord Halifax's strong words and Mr. Chamberlain's not-so-weak-as-usual words, and he may seek to persuade Hungary and Bulgaria to attack Rumania to save their "oppressed brethren." Nonintervention on the Spanish model should enable him to give those two countries such help that King Carol might collapse before Great Britain and France had made up their minds to help; if it did not succeed in time, he would none the less be able to explain to his Germans that the British and French were fighting a brutal war to enforce a peace-conference injustice. And in London and Paris, as well as in Warsaw and Bucharest, the "fifth column" is actively working to prove that might is right as long as it is used by fascists but wrong when there is any prospect it will be used by anyone else.

JAPAN WON'T FIGHT

IT IS ALMOST INCREDIBLE that, however menacing the crowds outside the British Embassy in Tokyo, Japan would commit hara-kiri by going to war against Great Britain. She is already exhausted by two years of campaigning in China and she gets far too much war material from the British Empire to run unnecessary risks. Besides, strong British action in the Far East would almost inevitably be followed by strong American action, and without American war material the Japanese would stand no chance of holding their positions in China.

But, again, that prejudice which prevented the British Government from concluding a straightforward alliance with Russia has paralyzed the British Foreign Office until masses of ignorant Chinese are beginning to look on the British rather than the Japanese as their enemies. No great risks were involved in supporting Chiang Kai-shek's currency and in checking Japanese trade. Such measures would have done far more than any number of speeches to assure hearty American co-operation in the event of a war in Europe, to put an

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end to Soviet doubts and delays, and to encourage the Chinese. And yet the British Government, as usual, has hesitated until even British citizens themselves begin to ask themselves if they are decadent and done for.

'Appeasement' Still a Danger

Were war to break out, then, several of the smaller European states would probably come under German domination, and would be bled white to help the German campaign. There would be troubles in India and Palestine, risings in Africa, and a very poor defensive effort by Egypt. Very probably Gibraltar would be rendered useless, and the Mediterranean would be temporarily closed.

British policy has not been based on a vigorous and an outspoken defense of justice which would have encouraged revolt in Germany but rather on a contemptible alternation between obsequiousness and boastfulness. It is doubtful whether any other British Government has so underrated the value of the moral factor and thus encouraged foreign governments to base their policy on a consideration of the relative military strengths of Great Britain and Germany. England's greater financial resources may ultimately give her the victory, but a genuine belief in democracy would have made that victory much easier to achieve and more worth-while.

On almost every issue this Government, with so large a majority that it could lead the people where it willed, has shown no will to lead until a resentful people kicked it into reluctant action. It was an unparalleled blunder for the man who turned out Anthony Eden, so that he could carry on "appeasement" undisturbed, to remain in office after Herr Hitler had made appeasement impossible. No other single factor has so encouraged doubts of British courage and sincerity, and it is scarcely surprising if ordinary sensible people, in England as in every other country, are beginning to ask themselves whether the rulers of Great Britain are not much more frightened of the social consequences of Hitler's collapse than of the destruction of the British Empire.

British Sacrifices Needed

The great danger that faces Great Britain is that these men will make war inevitable by their refusal to face up to bullies and, having made it inevitable by surrendering principle to opportunism as often as they possibly can, will also make it not worth winning. They drive the rest of us to concentrate on mere self-preservation. We have to worry so much about how to defeat Hitler if he starts a war, that we have no time left to worry about how war can be prevented. And these ministers who have had to be kicked before they would take the most obvious defense measures are obviously and certainly not men of sufficient vision to prepare for a worth-while peace.

It is for that reason that a book such as Sir Arthur Salter's *Security: Can We Achieve It?* is so important. Only when enough ordinary men in the street, having preferred the sacrifice of war to the surrender of "appeasement," make it clear that they also prefer the surrender of peace to the sacrifice of war, will the British Government be induced to adopt a policy such as will convince the Germans that another conflict is neither necessary nor worth-while. Sir Arthur Salter puts forward a draft statement of policy which is so admirably detached that many readers in these biased and prejudiced days consider it "pro-German" but which would save the peace of the world if Herr Hitler were to agree to it. Sir Arthur himself does not expect him to do so, but that is no reason why the British Government should not make this draft its own.

Indeed, it has now become a matter of the first political importance that the rest of the world should know just how far Great Britain will go to secure peace. Nothing else will persuade the German people that there is an attractive alternative to the anxious excitements of National Socialism. Nothing else will convince Europe that Mr. Chamberlain will not "appease" Poland or some other country as he and Lord Runciman "appeased" Czechoslovakia a year ago. Nothing else will convince the isolationists in the United States that England is not preparing to fight (and persuading as many other countries as possible to do likewise) merely to keep her hold on those vast territories and supplies of raw materials which the British Empire has acquired, by one method or another, in past centuries. There is a lot to be said for fighting to save one's skin but much more to be said for fighting to save one's soul.

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Business Wives or Housewives?

A Debate

I—Wives Are People, Too

***by* MILDRED ADAMS**

THAT OLD DEBATERS' CLASSIC, "Should wives work?" has now become an all too concrete "Should three million American wives keep their jobs?"

In twenty States of the Union, from Massachusetts to California, earnest legislators are trying to answer in the negative. In the other twenty-eight, women whose bread and butter and family security depend on their jobs are watching anxiously for the first sign of contagion from this form of mental measles which so beclouds the minds of otherwise sensible men that they think they can cure unemployment by adding to it.

Some of the proposed acts contemplate barring wives, as such — a bill up in Oklahoma, for example, would refuse them State or local government jobs if their husbands earned as much as $100 a month. Others, like that which California faces, preserve a semblance of equality and introduce a deadly element of family discord by proposing that either husband or wife may work — but not both, no matter what the job, if either earns more than $150 a month. Massachusetts would dismiss women from public service at marriage. Connecticut would appoint a commission to investigate all wives employed by the State and would fire those whom it decided did not need their jobs.

There is no reason for doubting the good intent of the men who introduced these bills, but there is excellent ground for doubting both their knowledge and their wisdom. Some of them apparently think that putting wives out of jobs will automatically result in putting men into them; but do they know why women work and what kind of jobs they do? Some of them apparently believe that a working wife is bad for a home, but one wonders if they have ever considered what would be the effect on the three million homes of these working wives if they were forbidden to work. Some of them may have heard that Hitler tried to solve the unemployment problem by sending wives back to their kitchens and that there is now no unemployment in Germany. But do they know what actually happened? And what is the true reason why Germany can now claim to have no unemployment?

Before going into these matters, let us look at the human material with which State legislators in nearly half the country are trying to experiment. Let us see just who these wives are who work for pay and what are the jobs on which such envious eyes are cast.

There are in the United States (or there were when the last census was taken) more than 10,500,000 women "gainfully employed."

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That is about 25 per cent of all the women in this country. Of the 10,500,000, a small third — 3,071,302 — were wives.

The largest single group of them — 36.1 per cent — are in "domestic and personal service." Washwomen: 178,000; charwomen: 20,000, down on their knees scrubbing the floors in skyscrapers after office hours. Others are janitresses, waitresses, cleaners of clothes, general housemaids, laundry workers, and lunchroom keepers.

The next largest group — 19.8 per cent — is listed as in "manufacturing and mechanical" industries. In cigar and tobacco factories are 28,000 of them; 62,000 are in cotton mills; 20,000 are in woolen and worsted mills. They are packers of meat and canners of vegetables — traditional feminine occupations that women have followed out of their kitchens and into the factories.

Clerical work — and this includes stenographers and typists, cashiers, bookkeepers, clerks — engages 11.8 per cent. In trade are 11.1 per cent — and that includes the women who stand behind notion counters all day, the ones who fit corsets, and the ones who are alert and polite in the bargain basements.

For the rest, these wives are telephone operators and schoolteachers, nurses and real-estate agents, small storekeepers, makers of boxes and artificial flowers.

Let us explore further and see why these wives work at their jobs. Are they all, as some people apparently believe, women who work for pin money? Or do they work for the self-expression they find in scrubbing floors?

The first thing we discover on looking into the matter is that 13.7 per cent of these three million wives who were working in 1930 were supporting not only themselves but their entire families. Pin-money wives? Not these 450,000. They are breadwinners. Not only did they support themselves but they kept their families fed, clothed, and self-respecting.

And the rest? Government statements indicate that the great majority of them, nearly 77 per cent, were responsible in part for family support. Either they had old fathers, crippled sisters, aged grandmothers dependent on them, and the burden was too great for their husband's wage alone, or else the whole family budget was too small for the family needs, and they went to work to piece it out.

This leaves a small 10 per cent who can, by any reasonable stretching of the term, be called pin-money wives.

The term is not properly one of derogation. It is the pin-money wives in this country who have traditionally raised church mortgages, given their sons the last dollars for fees at the farm school, salved their daughters' pride at graduation with longed-for dresses, persuaded their husbands that a week's vacation was a possible alternative to a nervous breakdown because they had hidden away money for a household luxury which proved just enough to finance a tired man's fishing trip. How much those 10 per cent, the pin-money wives, contribute to the well-being of their families can be understood only by those who have watched them do it.

II

THAT IS, IN THE LARGE, what kind of people our three million working wives are, what they do, and why they do it.

Suppose they stopped doing it — what would happen then?

Fortunately, this is not a matter of mere theory. There is no need to point out that wages in the United States are based not on family need but on the earning power of the individual and that in hundreds of thousands of families it takes the wages of both husband and wife to pay the family bills. Nor is it necessary to imagine what would happen in such families if either husband or wife were commanded to stop working. The facts may be obtained from the United States itself.

In 1932 the federal government passed an act forbidding the employment of both husband and wife in government service. Three years later, testimony before the Civil Service Committee of the House of Representatives showed the tragedy which the law had brought to certain households. It also emphasized the danger that such a law created for the young who wanted to marry but found that two salaries would just support them and did not dare contemplate matrimony if it meant that either salary must stop. The undisputed testimony was that sixteen couples had separated in order that they might keep their jobs; that seven, though happily married, went to the length of getting divorces for the same reason; and that in scores of cases "perfectly good,

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normal American boys and girls were living together outside of matrimony" because the then federal law put such a penalty on marriage. Congress repealed the law as not only failing to accomplish its purpose but as actually dangerous.

This American experience was a potent demonstration of the peril to the home if wives are forbidden that earning which helps keep them and their families alive.

The German experiment showed, in addition, the fallacy of believing that jobs are limited, that there are only so many to go around, and that the way to solve unemployment is to fire wives.

In 1933 and 1934, Nazi decrees were passed which sent all women back to the home, the children, the church. So actively were these decrees enforced at first that fifty thousand women a month left their jobs and business was thrown into a chaos which brought protests from employers all over Germany.

At the same time, the Nazis began to develop programs for public works, military roads, and the building of vast armaments. These created thousands of new jobs. All the men who had been unemployed flocked to work, and within an incredibly short time the women who had left their jobs by Nazi orders were following.

In 1934, there were four million women at work in Germany. In 1938, four years after Hitler had tried to send them home, six million of them were holding jobs, and Germany was having to import additional workers from Italy. The woman-firing program had completely failed.

The lesson is clear. The way to get more jobs for men is not by discharging a few hard-working wives. The United States tried that and abandoned it as failing of its purpose and as creating dangers for the welfare of the home and the morals of the young. Germany tried it and, in the face of a huge armament and public-works program, dropped it as fruitless and hampering.

The labor market is not a static thing, nor are jobs and workers as interchangeable as pins in a pocket. Both men and women have their places in our complex industrial machine, and neither sex can be attacked without the other's being affected.

Should wives be allowed to work? Why not? They are people, independent human beings, free citizens of this republic, endowed by the Constitution with the same inalienable rights as are husbands, spinsters or bachelors, widows or widowers.

The way to get more jobs for men is to find a means of increasing the level of employment for both men and women. To confuse the issue by setting up special prohibitions against wives, based on the accident of marital status, is to adopt a technique of tyranny and unreason more becoming to the dictatorships of Europe than to our democracy. And even in the dictatorships this particular bit of tyranny and unreason has not succeeded.

II—Matriarchy: an Unsound System

by **JOHN EDWIN HOGG**

SINCE ABOUT 1890 a false educational system that has cost us tens of billions of dollars has been spawning a nation of females educated for everything under the sun except the job for which nature created them. For half a century women in ever increasing numbers have swarmed into practically every field

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of employment which was formerly dominated by men.

There was good reason for putting women at men's jobs during the World War. But, when the war was over, few of the boys ever got their jobs back. The vicious practice of favoring women for every available job has been steadily on the increase since.

With the depression, women began to compete for men's jobs as never before. Women, too, felt the pinch of reduced national income, and, to "help out," they flocked to every possible job where the inherent limitations of their sex could be tolerated. Jobs for men became scarcer and poorer paid in direct proportion to the number of women who found jobs as elevator operators, theater ushers, factory machine operators, air-line stewardesses, clerks, and all the other innumerable tasks at which they are now gainfully employed.

The human animal is primarily selfish. With his eye on personal gain, he's notoriously shortsighted. Thus female labor has become the most readily available substitute for *outlawed* Oriental coolie labor, sweatshops, child labor, and unrestricted immigration. In an age of mechanical production, industrialists, who have seldom given a tinker's damn about what they do to the social and economic structure of their country, soon learned that women could be trained to operate practically every machine ever devised by men. So they lengthened their own profits, temporarily, by a wholesale firing of men and hiring of women at from half to two thirds the former masculine wage scale. Today women are operating about half the machines accused by many economists of having swallowed the jobs of men.

Where did the jobs come from that now provide employment in this country for an estimated fourteen million women — nearly 30 per cent of the female population of the United States?

I am certain that Miss Adams will find the answer to that question by poking her head into any hundred large offices, factories, or other industrial establishments. When she loses the count of departments where there isn't a man in sight or where female workers outnumber the males by fifty to one, it will become rather obvious, even to her, that women have killed more jobs for men than all the machinery ever built since man invented wheels!

No doubt Miss Adams is sincere in her belief that any legislation restricting employment for married women is a violation of democratic principles.

She cites the dictators and the failure of their effort to legislate women back into the home. What if their methods did fail? The fact that they recognized female employment as a menace to the state is infinitely more significant.

But why talk of democratic principles when the United States is no longer a democracy? Democracy went down the chute soon after the World War. It was traded down the river for an industrial matriarchy, a monstrosity without parallel in history, when we handed over about 30 per cent of our women to the social and economic white slavers who are now *trying to restore prosperity* by pounding public buying power down toward the minimum of female wage scales.

Hence our legislators who are now trying to do something about pin-money working wives are not quite as pin-headed as Miss Adams would have us believe. What they have done thus far and what they propose to do aims only at the ugliest head of a hydra-headed monster, a Frankenstein now threatening us with social and economic extinction. When Miss Adams speaks of such legislative efforts as a form of mental measles beclouding the minds of otherwise sensible men, it is evident that she is underestimating the desperate seriousness of the social and economic problems female employment has heaped on us.

II

COULD ANY RACE of savages make a sorrier mess of their social and economic affairs than we have? If they could, they haven't done it!

In a nation choked with resources we have about twelve million unemployed — ill-fed, poorly clothed, and badly housed; while perhaps 85 per cent of an estimated fourteen million women work at jobs that make it impossible for them to be homemakers and mothers. Taxes are soaring; tax revenues are being dried up at their sources; and public debt heads for the stratosphere; while local, State, and federal governments go broke under astronomical appropriations for unemployment relief. Millions of young men, some of the best blood and

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brains of America, can't find work, while about six million of their unmarried sisters stick to their jobs. The boys can't marry because they are homeless and jobless — and the girls can't become wives, homemakers, and mothers *because they have jobs!*

The Hottentots of Africa or the native bushmen of Australia would tolerate no such state of affairs!

The statisticians have warned us. The best blood and brains of America are not being reproduced. America is dying from the top. For twenty years a dwindling birth rate has been partially sustained only by breeding from the most unfit — for whom all the babies nature provides can be born in public hospitals and maintained at public expense after they're here. Our population is steadily getting older, with an ever rising crescendo of clamoring for various forms of old-age pensions. Intelligence averages are steadily declining; we're building a nation of morons, with a bill for crime that soars like the public debt. A nation that couldn't build schools fast enough a few years ago now finds herself with plenty of empty desks in school classrooms. A lot of female teachers are already jobless under the suicidal social and economic order they've helped to build!

In recent years the sale of dog food has forged ahead of the sale of baby food. For dog food we now spend $100,000,000 a year — for baby food $50,000,000. Dogs are much more popular than babies. I know a local apartment hotel that is occupied by 176 married couples, 17 babies, and 147 dogs — and there's nothing particularly unusual about this astounding situation.

But women have a God-given, democratic right to work and live their own lives as they please, says Miss Adams.

Can she repeal certain fundamental, natural laws because she and some other women don't like them?

Whether we like it or not, nature, the undefiable dictator, said to primitive man: "Your job is to roam the earth; you will feed and protect your women and children." To the woman, nature, who takes no back talk from anyone, said: "Your task is to find your man and *hold him*, bear and care for his children, prepare his food and look after his cave."

This is the sum and substance of immutable, biological law, for which nature has also prescribed self-enforcing penalties!

Of course, we can break those laws — as we have broken them, as America is breaking them now. But break them, and they'll break you! They've broken countless individuals. And they've broken nations, just as they're breaking the United States today. No argument in favor of working wives can ever repeal any section of these natural laws.

Does this mean a death sentence for America? Not if we have sense enough to turn around, get back on the right road and off the trail of the female Pied Piper we went a-whoring after when we let blind, profit-grabbing self-seekers prostitute our women into industry.

Doing this is going to be a sorry and irksome job; it will have to be done by legislation. We should begin by revising female minimum-wage laws upward. Take female labor off the bargain counter and see how long it takes to put jobless men back into about 85 per cent of all the jobs that were filled by men before we built the industrial matriarchy. The moment this is done, we'll begin to reverse the tide that is now sweeping our social and economic structure out to sea.

I have no delusions that legislating women back into the home to the jobs for which God Almighty created them is going to be simple and easy. We cannot overnight undo an evil that has steadily been building up for half a century. It will take years! It will unavoidably inflict hardships on many individuals. It will call for a major overhauling of our educational system and economic readjustments more drastic than anything ever contemplated by Mr. Roosevelt and his New Deal. But there is no alternative; there will be no second and third generations of the present industrial matriarchy.

Nature has already handed us a sample of what she intends to do about it if we cannot rebuild our social and economic order into something capable of functioning in compliance with her laws. Heavier penalties will be added for each day of continuing violations. Then, if we are real dogs for punishment, we'll get what we're asking for — greater poverty in the midst of plenty, progressive economic and social disintegration, suicidal taxes, government bankruptcy, chaos, and extinction.

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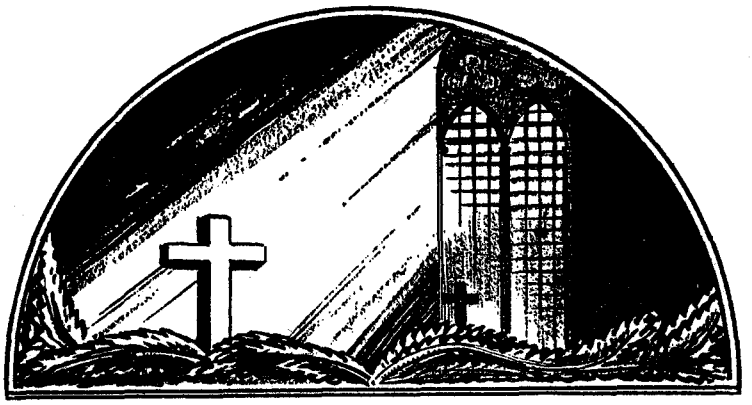
The Flesh Profiteth Nothing



by **PERCY WAXMAN**

WHEN I WAS at school in a remote corner of the British Empire, we had an English teacher who was considered very advanced in his views. He was continually expressing what seemed to our juvenile minds daringly original opinions. One day he shocked my monarchical susceptibilities by making the profane statement that Queen Victoria (whom I had been taught at home to regard as very little lower than the angels) was not entirely immune from human fallibility. On another occasion he fervently declared that a foreigner was as good as an Englishman and still further electrified me by defining patriotism as nothing more nor less than self-interest multiplied by population.

Yes, that English teacher had advanced views.

He also had one habit that endeared him to his pupils — he addressed us as if we were his mental equals.

I was walking home from school one afternoon with this old man (he must have been all of twenty-six at the time) when he turned to me and said: "Well I had a disagreeable duty to perform yesterday. I had to attend the funeral of my wife's father. And what a barbarous survival the whole ceremony was! There he was, with his dear old wrinkled face all rouged up like an actor, lying in a silk-lined coffin, on display to satisfy morbid curiosity and pay tribute to gruesome tradition.

"The room itself was crammed to suffocation with flowers. The minister read passages from First Corinthians with depressing solemnity and delivered a eulogy that upset my wife and her mother and would have nauseated my father-in-law had he heard it.

"After that we all drove to the cemetery, where another harrowing service was held. What a horrible medieval exhibit it was! And all in the interest of an archaic tradition that shows a lamentable lack of consideration for the living.

"Surely the death of one you love is enough cause for grief without making you take part in all the dismal minutiae of a funeral. And in public too! Do you know what should have happened instead of that awful funeral?"

His voice rang with indignation as he hurled this purely rhetorical question at my youthful head.

"The doctor should have telephoned an undertaker, and, after legal requirements had been attended to, the remains should have been cremated in a decent, sanitary, and orderly manner — and, incidentally, at a cost fixed by the authorities. There is no reason why an undertaker's services should not be treated like any other public utility. If I had my way, there would be a municipal crematory in every city, town, and village."

This bombshell burst on my astonished ears when I was thirteen years old, and from that day to this I have had a profound dislike of coffins, funerals, and cemeteries.

II

THE IDEA of cremation is as old as civilization. In ancient Greece it was considered the only honorable means of disposing of the dead. Only suicides, infants, and unfortunates struck by lightning were subjected to the disgrace of interment.

There are approximately 150 crematories in the United States, and the number is growing

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rapidly, particularly in California. Twenty-five years ago about ten thousand cremations per year took place; today the figure is nearer forty thousand. In spite of this increase, most people still feel that cremation is irreverent and prefer what is known as "decent Christian burial."

But if you analyze it, you find that burial (with all its accompaniments) is seldom either decent *or* Christian. For instance, to the sensitive-minded it may not be "decent" to display the anguish of a bereaved family. And it scarcely seems Christian to glorify the remains of a dead body.

The practice of burial arose from the ancient belief that existence after death would be on the same material basis as in this world. This led to embalming, to the burying of jewels, coins, clothing, food, wine, and furniture to comfort the deceased — all of which seems as odd to us as burial will when cremation is generally accepted.

According to St. John (6:63), "it is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing."

Does it not savor of paganism to preserve the shell of a human being no longer living? The "flesh" is not what we remember a man by. It is rather by the "things of the spirit" — his kindness, loyalty, generosity, integrity, unselfishness. These qualities can never be buried.

Christianity teaches that the flesh profiteth nothing. But modern civilization tells us that the flesh profiteth a great deal, that there is money in mourning and dividends in death — also unlimited opportunities for high-pressure salesmanship in costly coffins with quilted silk lining and heavy silver handles.

Some time ago, the father of a friend of mine died. Although vice president of a famous corporation, he was anything but wealthy. When my friend accompanied her mother to select a coffin, the salesman employed the same methods he would have used in trying to sell a car. In spite of their expressed wish for something simple and inexpensive, the salesman kept urging them to buy a casket "in keeping with the deceased's position." Finally he led these grief-stricken women to a heavily ornamented bronze on which a card proudly announced: "Fit for a King, $5000." They fled in tears. At no time was their mental condition taken into consideration

Why should a family plunged by sorrow into a defenseless state, when "sales resistance" is low, be called on to spend large sums for semi-public display?

We spend far more money on burials than we do on births — between $300,000,000 and $400,000,000 a year. We pay out more than $60,000,000 annually in the United States for funeral flowers — $60,000,000 wasted on the dead when that vast sum might be used to benefit the living.

A gift of flowers to a living friend is a beautiful token of affection, but sending a wreath to a dead one is wasteful and futile. An increasing number of people realize this and announce: "No flowers." (As happy compensation for the florist, America steadily becomes more "flower conscious," and occasions are multiplying when the floral gift is more appropriate than any other.)

Here Sweden can teach us an interesting lesson. According to Alma Hedin (sister of Sven Hedin, the explorer), that enlightened country has had a Flower Fund since 1921.* Its membership includes governors of provinces, clergymen, authors, artists, businessmen, and politicians. Relatives and friends of a bereaved family, instead of sending a wreath to decorate the coffin, remit to the Flower Fund the money that flowers would have cost. The Fund secretary sends to the family a sympathetic memorial message in the name of the donor, while the money thus collected provides homes for elderly people in poor circumstances. In Stockholm, buildings thus erected give homes to a thousand people. What would $60,000,000 do if expended in this manner?

Money lavished on flowers is only a drop in the bucket compared with other expenses involved in the high cost of dying. And unfortunately the most improvident outlays are made by those least able to afford them.

A survey conducted by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company reveals that, in New York City, funeral expenses for individuals whose estates are valued at $1,000 or less consume $350 to $520 of the meager amount left for the family. Who would call that decent or Christian?

In Switzerland, France, parts of Germany and Denmark, extravagances in funeral customs and exploitation of the poor by certain types of undertakers have resulted in public

* *See: "Funerals without Flowers," by Alma Hedin; May, 1935,* FORUM.

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regulation. In our own country, although the mortuary business is private enterprise, numerous small cities of the Middle West exercise supervisory rights.

I have no quarrel with undertakers as a body. They are in business to make money and are no more to blame for commercializing their industry than manufacturers of cars, cosmetics, or clothing. As things are at present, reputable undertakers have every right to regard their work as a service to the community.

Fortunately education is slowly doing its work. Much that was macabre, morbid, or mawkish in funeral ceremonies is fading away. No longer do we have hired mourners, mutes, plumes, or horses swathed in black nets. What formerly passed for stately splendor is now put down as poor taste.

III

ANOTHER FACTOR contributing to the growing demand for cremation is the leaping cost of burial lots. The fifteen thousand commercially important cemeteries in the United States are rapidly being filled. In one Philadelphia cemetery, lots that twenty-five years ago sold for $65 are now valued at $1,000. Choice locations in certain cemeteries near New York cost as high as $10,000.

Land is only one source of revenue for a modern cemetery. Cemeteries sell all kinds of "personal services." Their greatest and most enduring income is from "perpetual care" of graves. It is now close to sacrilege not to pay in advance to have a loved one's grave cared for forever.

So far has commercialism gone that owners of one large mausoleum advertised that families of unimpeachable social standing already had purchased space and that foresighted persons could enjoy the privilege of resting in company with those of social prominence — with whom they never could hope to associate in any other way.

My own hope is that prices of lots will go so high that cemeteries will be done away with altogether, sparing us the ugliness of acres of granite headstones that are such blots on the landscape.

The noted English actor, Gerald DuMaurier, once said: "I protest against the continuance of graveyards. When people die why can't they be cremated and their ashes scattered so as not to have such hideous displays of mortuary sculpturings all over the land? The *memory* of the dead is the chief thing. Why preserve their material remains?"

DuMaurier would have been pleased by the wife of a well-known Chicago industrialist, who made her husband promise to have her body cremated and the ashes strewn over her favorite rose garden — a really poetic idea!

If cremation were more generally employed, the vast sums that now go for wreaths, embalmings, coffins, funerals, cemetery lots, tombstones, and permanent upkeep of graves could be put to a much more constructive use.

Everybody is aware how difficult it is in these days to raise money for charity — hospital drive, church fund, or community chest. This problem is most acute in small communities. Let us see what might be done to swell such funds in a town with a population of six thousand.

Statistics show that an average of eighty adults will die each year in such a town and that each death will cost (in the East, at least) between $300 and $500. This will include casket, funeral, undertaker's fee, embalming, flowers, and burial. It will not include headstone, perpetual care, or even the burial lot. Eighty times $300 (let us take the conservative figure) equals $24,000. And $24,000 seems a high annual price for dying in this small community.

Suppose those eighty persons were cremated. The cost for transportation and incineration would average about $50 each — a total of $4,000, instead of $24,000; a saving of $20,000 each year.

Does this idea not seem worth the consideration of churches, fraternal orders, charity committees, women's clubs, and welfare organizations? Representatives from such local organizations might decide on the use to be made of money thus saved; and there could be devised some kind of informal pledge to be signed by individuals who would welcome an opportunity to promote community welfare work.

Ask any man which he would prefer: an elaborate funeral, burial in a choice lot, and a granite headstone; or simple, inexpensive cremation, with the money thus saved contributed to welfare work in his name as a permanent memorial. Is there any doubt which would be more worth-while to humanity?

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Rich Young Man Makes Good

Rhode Island's Governor Is a Vanderbilt

by **ROBERT R. MULLEN**

When William H. Vanderbilt, Republican, great, great grandson of the Old Commodore, hung his top hat beside the Gilbert Stuart of Washington in the Rhode Island State House, last January 3, and took up his duties as seventy-fifth Governor of Roger Williams' Providence Plantations, he found the State in serious shape. She had the highest budget in her history; her governmental machinery creaked with age, groaned with a bad patching-up job; patronage had turned the State service into a glorified relief agency for accredited Democrats.

Today, as the result of probably the quickest sweeping reform ever effected in American State government, Rhode Island has a completely new administrative setup, hailed by experts as the model of the nation. All the loose ends — the semiautonomous boards, bureaus, and commissions that spent most of the money — have been thrown out. All the State's functions have been rearranged into thirteen departments, each responsible to the governor, each controlled by a single, rigid State budget. The governmental structure in Rhode Island is today as streamlined as the new Twentieth Century Limited. In addition, as a present from Governor Vanderbilt, Rhode Island now has the tightest, strictest civil-service law yet adopted by any unit of government in the United States.

Now, of course, Bill Vanderbilt doesn't have to be Governor. He has money enough to sail an America's cup defender like his first cousin once removed, Harold G. Vanderbilt, or to dabble in tabloids like his cousin far removed, Cornelius, or even to make a serious business of owning race horses like his half-brother, Alfred Gwynne. One reason he isn't doing such things is the fact he is married to a young lady who finds more sport in politics than she does in breaking out a spinnaker, worrying about libel suits, or sitting on the fence rail with a stop watch.

Anne is twenty-nine, pretty, as vibrant as a painting by Manet, an ornament to the Surf and Tennis Club, Deauville, or Bailey's Beach. She might look equally at home at El Morocco or the Stork Club, but you wouldn't be likely to see her there. Café society is not even a remote interest to Anne, but her zestful camaraderie and natural flair for politics were responsible in incalculable degree for Bill's romping home forty thousand votes ahead in a State where Democrats had been pretty much having their own way in recent years.

Bill is thirty-eight, only a mite taller than Anne, lithe, hard, in the way that comes from athletics at St. George's, summers in Arizona, and a fondness for riding. Bill is reserved but friendly and master of the social graces required in the New York and Newport orbit, but he makes no attempt to project himself into the hail fellowship of blather politics. In fact, Bill can be very much to the point when he wants to be. To hold on to a big share of the Vanderbilt fortune and get yourself elected Governor of an industrial State like Rhode Island, you have to be. If you talk with Bill you get the impression he is a young man who thinks things through, has a decisive mind; and you won't have to talk very long to find that in him burns that indefinable spark of the reformer. Not the beaver-hatted, bumbershoot-carrying type of snoop reformer, of course, but the kind of sincere, hard-working, disappoint-

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ment-swallowing reformer who has brought this democracy whatever governmental improvements it has enjoyed through the years.

The Vanderbilt Clan

With the Vanderbilts, of course, everything dates from the Old Commodore, the Manhattan patroon who turned from ferrying in his sixtieth year to found the New York Central and the family fortune.

His oldest son was William H., after whom the present Bill is named. It was Old Bill who uttered the famous "public be damned" phrase. When you mention this to young Bill, he laughs; but all the politician in Anne leaps forward as she carefully explains that Great Grandfather Bill was asleep in his private car one night when a reporter roused him. When the newspaperman insisted the public wanted a story, Old Bill in anger shouted, "The public be damned!" — meaning the reporter. It made a good headline. It still does whenever young Bill runs for office.

It was Cornelius, son of Old Bill, who joined the Newport hegira. But, instead of constructing a rococo palace as so many of his contemporaries did, Cornelius found 450 verdant acres between the main road and the sea and on them located a delightful colonial farmhouse, white clapboards, green shutters — roomy but in simple, charming taste. He called it Oakland Farm. Young Bill lives there today, loves every inch of it.

After Cornelius came Alfred Gwynne, who married Ellen French and cut a wide swath in New York's turn-of-the-century society. Bill was born November 24, 1901. When divorce split the family a few years later, Bill remained with his mother in Newport. She married Paul Fitzsimmons and is now Republican National Committeewoman from Rhode Island but has not been actively affiliated with Bill's political career.

When Bill was fourteen the news came one morning: a German torpedo had destroyed the *Lusitania*. Eyewitnesses told how Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt had tied his life preserver on a woman and then had walked to the prow of the boat, standing there until the frigid coast-of-Ireland waters closed above a proud Cunarder. It's a story, naturally, Bill doesn't dwell on; but, when he isn't around, Anne gives her own account, ending with the words, ". . . and he stood at the bow, smoking a cigarette, though he couldn't swim a stroke."

Two years later, when he was sixteen, Bill presented himself for enrollment at the Newport Naval Training Station. He was accepted a month before the United States entered the war.

After the war, he went to Princeton and then to a "made" job, at eight dollars a week, running messages for Lee Higginson, Boston brokers. Then he had a fling at the bottom rung of the New York Central's ladder.

After two years in the workaday world Bill went back to his favorite haunt, the old farm. He liked it and he made a success of running it. Dairy herds and chickens kept him busy; moreover, contact with his neighbors brought him face to face with a community transportation need — which he met in the true Vanderbilt tradition. Bill bought some machines, hired drivers, opened a bus line from Newport to Providence.

Today, Bill's Short Line reaches most of New England. He says he doesn't make much profit, just about breaks even. But that's the way he talks about all his ventures, including his interest in the beautiful Mount Hope Bay suspension bridge, Pan American Airways, and what not. He inherited around five million as his share of his father's estate. It's been hard holding on to it, Bill says, with the depression and all.

Politics Beckons

By 1927 Bill was not only a gentleman farmer or, rather, a practical one; he was also a businessman with a substantial stake in the community, a Chamber of Commerce member. One bright day the town council of Portsmouth (neighbor city of Newport) suggested to Bill that he run for the State Senate. Friends insisted. Perhaps when your name is Vanderbilt, friends are a bit more solicitous than might otherwise be the case. Anyway, Bill went to Providence.

The next summer, 1929, Bill met Anne. That is, he became conscious of her for the first time. He had met her before, and there is a little story in the manner of it:

The summer Bill left college, he went to Europe with his mother. On the boat coming back they met Mrs. Everett Colby, wife of a New York attorney. Mrs. Colby was eager to

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see her little daughter, who had been left at home with a governess. It so happened that this governess had previously been in the Vanderbilt service, and whenever Anne would get out of line she reminded her that "little *Billy* wouldn't have done that."

Of course, "Little Billy" became an unpleasant symbol to little Anne. She curtsied in her best manner at the pier but in her heart she was saying, "What a droop!" or its 1923 equivalent in childhood patois. Bill looked absently at her long curls and gazed away.

But by 1929 Anne had done away with the curls, and the young man who didn't have noticeable reactions when he looked at her was a dolt. Bill was no dolt. That winter they were married. Anne loved the farm too.

The next fall, Anne heard Bill make a political speech for the first time. "Bill was terrible," Anne relates, "He fumbled for words. I never felt so sorry for anybody in my life." Today what Bill lacks in the art of oratory is made up for by the sincerity in his tones. But the early speeches of any candidate are not likely to be gems.

In a polite way, Anne raised the general question whether politics was exactly Bill's sphere. But the bug had bitten. Then the twins came (girls), and Anne put Bill's career out of her thoughts.

Things sailed smoothly enough into Bill's third Senate term. He had become known as something of an insurgent but generally on the right side of questions.

They made him Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, a place where you get a close view of the State administration. What he saw was not so good. Rhode Island had been accumulating independent governmental appendages for several years. Each went along its own way, spending a little more money each year, actually responsible to no one. Of course, this is a frequent mistake in American government. Many States have had to go through the reorganization wringer. Bill read up on the subject, drew up a consolidation plan for Rhode Island's eighty-six departments. His own party defeated it.

Bill was disgusted. On top of this, Anne's health was poor, so Bill didn't seek re-election, and they sailed for Europe. Bill should have enjoyed it but didn't. One morning in Cannes, Anne understood why. A cable came from the *Providence Journal*, asking for confirmation of reports he was seeking the Republican nomination for Lieutenant Governor. The eager interest Bill took in this inquiry and his impatience to see the papers from home and know what was developing made it plain to Anne that Bill's big interest in life was back in that high-domed State House overlooking Narragansett Bay.

The Vanderbilts—Just Folks

Back on the farm, Bill laid siege not to the Lieutenant Governorship but to the gubernatorial chair itself. But the nomination went to another.

So far as Bill was concerned, it was probably just as well, for this was 1936, and the New Deal sweep took Rhode Island in stride. Bill was philosophical about it. But he wanted to find out why he hadn't captured the nomination.

"One thing, Bill" — it was High Sheriff John Kelley speaking — "is that your name puts two strikes on you before you even get to bat."

"That's right," chimed in Alderman Henry A. Violet. "Imagine anybody on the WPA voting for a Vanderbilt — that is, unless he knows you."

"Folks down Newport way," explained the High Sheriff, "vote for you because they know you aren't an Old Guard reactionary, but the Lord only knows what the rest of the State thinks. You should meet more people."

Then was evolved the twenty-month plan in which Anne Vanderbilt played such a leading role. Every week during this period the High Sheriff brought down a group. One week it was two hundred firemen; another, it was a whole WPA project and families. Anne and Bill would take their coats, and, if they didn't have coats, Anne would point to her own cardigan and remark that she liked a sweater better, too. And the thing that made it go over was that she meant it.

Everybody feels at home in the Vanderbilt living room, gay and cheerful, with cream walls, small-paned windows that reach from floor to ceiling, white chintz slip covers on the furniture. On the walls hang the family oils, the Old Commodore at one end, Old Bill on the other; along the side are Currier lithographs

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of famous clipper ships. Four-foot logs blaze in the great hearth.

Bill and Anne slipped easily into the spirit of these affairs. Bill wanted to know how people felt about their government. Anne had some parlor games to break the ice and rushed the lobster and fried chicken along without ceremony. Before the next State convention more than four thousand persons had been Vanderbilt guests. In between parties, Bill and Anne travelled around the State making friends and following up leads made at the home parties. They got an endorsement from the Italian-Americans. Bill played a game of softball with the Lincoln Social Club. Good spadework; it got him the nomination.

In the campaign, Bill took a mild liberal stand, tuned to the issues of the locust years. But most of his talk centered around his promises of an honest government, one that the people would be proud of. The rallies went on night after night. Anne went to nearly every one of them, spoke at some. The high point came when she talked to a meeting of French-Canadian mill workers in French. Ended were the quiet evenings when Bill read aloud to Anne and the three little girls, while the five family dogs lay stretched out in front of the fire.

The Big Job

The night after the ballots were counted, Bill was up in a room at the Providence Biltmore, talking with a few of the G.O.P. chieftains, making it clear in a mild but positive way that they hadn't elected a figurehead who was going to be content merely with doing what he was told. He had some ideas, he said, about the State, not the least of them concerning his old plan for consolidation of departments.

In this attitude, Bill had strong support from Austin T. Levy, a Blackstone Valley woolen manufacturer who has gained some notice for his development of efficiency methods. Levy had taken over chairmanship of the State Committee and had brought big-business methods to Rhode Island politics. A political administration, he told Bill, is just like a business: it succeeds only if it delivers the goods. He proposed putting the ante high, giving Rhode Island a State government that would become famous as the most economical and most efficient in the whole country. They discussed ways of doing this.

Bill had read in *Reader's Digest* about Public Administration Service, the Rockefeller-endowed nonprofit governmental research agency, headquartered on the University of Chicago campus. Somebody in the room said he knew Gustave A. Moe, New England regional director of P.A.S., personally. Just before midnight they telephoned Gus at his Winchester, Massachusetts, home, fifty miles away. Gus drove down that night. Before dawn, telegrams were on the way to bring P.A.S. experts flying in from all parts of the country.

Gus rented a suite, hung out the don't-disturb sign, and the boys went to work under instructions from Bill Vanderbilt to turn out the best governmental setup they could, and "politics be damned." Six weeks of literally day-and-night effort, and the job was done. It had two parts, one reorganizing departments, the other assuring top-notch personnel with which to drive the new machine.

Then they gave the new plan to Bill to sell to the Legislature. He did this partly through an inaugural address that breathed an appeal for better government, partly through talking with House and Senate leaders.

He pointed out to them that the reorganization bill went much further than merely condensing departments. It rationalized functions. No longer, for example, would there be friction and conflict between the division of motor vehicles and the State police in traffic control. Both units had officers out enforcing regulations. They actually got in one another's way. The reorganization plan sets up a whole new Department of Public Safety, with a sharp line drawn between licensing duties and police work.

To some groups of legislators, Bill mentioned the fact that Rhode Island maintained, at State expense, three separate, fully equipped criminal-identification laboratories, one in the State police, one in the department of justice, the third in the department of health. Logically, Bill said, these three should be thrown into one really good laboratory, so that criminal investigation could have the practical knowledge of the police and the legal guidance of the justice department as well as the toxicological assistance of health authorities.

Then Bill cited another example of duplica-

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tion, indicative, he said, of the general situation. Two independent divisions of the health department were responsible for the control of narcotic drugs and of pharmacies and the inspection of food and drugs. Each division had a chief, various inspectors, and clerks. By simply combining these two divisions it would be possible to have only one chief and scarcely half the former number of assistants.

Such items made good sense. Bill outlined similar changes for all his thirteen new departments, dwelling particularly on the financial department, where in the past there had not even been facilities for giving Rhode Island the sound, planned spending system or budget that every well-run business or home is so dependent on. Passage of the reorganization bill would allow him to cut a million dollars off this year's expenditures, Bill asserted. Moreover, it would open the way to greater savings in the future.

Then Bill turned to the civil-service law, emphasizing that better than 50 per cent of the State's money goes for personnel, that the best governmental organization in the world is no better than the men and women who staff it. He pointed out that the new law not only included the main features of the model systems recommended by merit-system groups throughout the country and covered at least 90 per cent of the State's workers but went at least two important steps further.

First, it would not "freeze" into office all employees on the payroll when the law should go into effect but absolutely cleared the decks, so that every employee after next January 1, when the law becomes fully operative, will have his job on the basis of merit and merit alone. When it was objected that this meant throwing the positions of all the present four thousand State employees into jeopardy, it was answered that the vast majority were recent Democratic political appointees, that it would be unfair to leave such workers in their jobs and protect them by the civil service, that many were incompetent, that those who were capable and deserved positions or had substantial service records would have the natural advantage of experience in taking the examinations.

The second forward step in the Vanderbilt civil-service proposal was its removal of the last possibility of political favoritism, by the stipulation, unique to Rhode Island, that the appointing official must give the job to the man or woman having the highest mark. He is not, as in other States, given his choice of one of the three highest ranking applicants. This precludes the appointer's being influenced in his final judgment by the political or other affiliations of the applicant.

Perhaps the Republican majority was fired with inspiration to do something really tangible for the State. Perhaps (if we must be realistic) it saw a possibility that many State jobs would change hands in the reshuffling of departments. Whatever the reason, it passed the reorganization bill promptly.

With the civil-service bill, however, it showed a tendency toward extensive debate, even serious amendment. The bill was kept in committee nearly six weeks. Then it was pointedly made clear to the legislators by hundreds of clamoring job seekers that Bill Vanderbilt had in his hands all the choice plums shaken from the patronage tree by the reorganization bill and that Bill wasn't giving them out until his legislation came through. This was a demonstration in practical politics that left even the old timers rapt in admiration. The civil-service bill was voted with a rush.

A Young Man in Earnest

Bill Vanderbilt doesn't see much of his farm these days. He is off to the State House early every morning, trying to bring some order to the deluge of demands for jobs. Democrats still hold the bulk of the positions, and Bill has said that the efficient ones can stay; but, naturally, hungry Republicans — twenty thousand of them — want places, insisting it is only fair to give them equality of experience with the Democrats when the civil-service examinations are held. The pressure on Bill can be imagined.

There was a time not so long ago when putting through such reforms as the reorganization bill and the civil-service law would have been considered more than enough for any governor to contribute to his State. Men have even been elected president who have not accomplished half so much. But in these peculiar days it isn't enough to demonstrate your sincere belief that governmental economy is the best encouragement of private business by giving your State its first downward-revised

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budget in years; it isn't enough to prove you meant what you said about the government's not going in debt by imposing new pay-as-you-go taxes on electricity, communications, tobacco, and inheritances; you must also take a pounding in a good labor war. Bill's came early in his gubernatorial career — in the midst of the fight over patronage, as a matter of fact.

It came in a storm. The truck drivers went on strike. After a few days, deliveries even of food began to dwindle, and widespread unemployment threatened as factories began to close for want of materials.

Bill might have left the problem in the hands of the State labor department, but he didn't. He called both sides into his Biltmore suite. They stayed there hour after hour, day after day, deadlocked.

Bill enjoyed the usual reward of a conciliator; when either side grew tired of fighting with the other, it would turn on him. The hottest attacks — the young capitalist's friends were happy to note — came from the truck owners. It indicated that wealthy environment and personal fortune had not closed his thoughts to the workingman's side.

When the strike situation looked hopeless, Anne invited Bill and the drivers and owners down to the farm for dinner (her story is she had to find some way of getting him home). The old campaign technique was called into service. The food was delicious, and the atmosphere mellow. The strike wasn't settled that night, but the oil of geniality at least began to flow that evening, and the affair was soon ironed out.

If you were to assess Bill Vanderbilt today, you might conclude that here is a young man who finds the bitter draught of the governmental reformer more tasty than the Old Commodore's silver spoon, a young administrator who is applying to public enterprise those same principles of careful economy that helped build one of the nation's greatest private fortunes. It is not possible yet to discern his philosophy in such matters as national social security and labor problems, but the record so far points to a balanced liberalism.

In this realistic age a lively young millionaire is not likely to find himself on the G.O.P. fringe merely because his name is Vanderbilt and he is a reformer. The Grand Old Party has need of men — and money. Not all the cars parked in the Vanderbilt driveway these days have Rhode Island license plates.

But, if you ask Bill about such things, he replies only that he is far too busy trying to be a good Governor to worry about the future.

These are busy days for Anne, too. The G.O.P. girls gave her a testimonial luncheon not long ago. Five hundred were invited; more than a thousand came. They jammed so hard trying to get front seats (under the illusion it was a mark of distinction), you would have thought Macy's was offering mink coats for ten bucks. The crowd actually required police handling, and the cops came running with smelling salts instead of night sticks.

In an early issue:
"Minnesota's Political Prodigy,"
by Isabel Henson Masters

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Our Backward Farmers

by **JEANETTE EATON**

AT A CERTAIN informal dinner party the host, a fruit broker, arrived late and fuming. "I've had a trying day," said he. "We had a big shipment of apples for Denmark held up by the inspector because he thought they didn't come up to the specifications of the order."

Between the soup and the entree the broker explained that most European buyers are dreadfully fussy about the poison sprays used by American growers. Shippers have to guarantee both the mildness of the solution and thorough washing of the ripe fruit.

Home consumers, on the contrary, are far more tractable. For our markets a residue of the poison is permitted. Here buyers demand only that perishable products be fresh, good-looking and well packed.

Such are American standards. If bread is wrapped in waxed paper, it may taste like chips, for all we care. If cauliflower is huge and white, we ignore the tang of fertilizer it exudes from the pot. Unlike the melancholy Danes, we cheerful idiots smack our lips over big red apples impregnated with arsenic and handsome vegetables grown in chemically treated soil. Obviously our taste is too blunted to mind such flavors.

Moreover, with all our efforts to protect and promote the health of our people, nobody is concerned about the effect on the human system of present-day agricultural practices. Constant intake of chemical substances and poisons in even minute degree may be responsible for some of our physical disabilities. Yet the matter has never been investigated. We concentrate on more superficial regulations.

Intelligent mothers assure themselves that the city water supply is pure and that milk is safe. Goodness knows no city person can get raw milk today unless it is certified. But it never occurs to model housewives to inquire how the vegetables and fruits on their tables are grown. What good is careful marketing, cooking, and menu planning if our foodstuffs contain constantly more chemicals and less nourishment?

It is only fair to refer this grim question to science. For scientific practice has been the dictator in agriculture during the last century. Present-day farming has been developed by inventors, laboratory and research workers, government experts, and those professors who teach farm boys how to do it better.

The goal of this entire group, however, has not been improvement in human nourishment. It has been money. That the farm might yield more income has been the purpose of most methods constituting "progress."

As a result America has large-scale production, and the small, diversified farm is disappearing. We have monoculture instead. In the wheat belt, fields stretch from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico.

The machine, making such enormous crops possible, is the generalissimo on the modern farm. The chemical industry controls the commissary. It supplies farmers with various poisons for fighting pests and blights. Synthetic fertilizers by the millions of pounds are used to force production. Now the chemist is demonstrating, out in California, the ease of growing grains and certain vegetables directly in chemical solutions.

II

SUCH A SEPARATION from the good earth ought to be shocking. But America looks only at the economic aspect of the farm problem.

That view came uppermost, indeed, at the meeting last November of the Kansas State Agricultural Program Advisory Committee. What those farmer delegates discussed was the dislocation of labor. Twenty years ago Kansas used to advertise in the summer for fifty thousand outside "hands." Now, thanks to machinery, the State warns men not to come

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across the borders looking for work. Kansas farmers begin to see that even their own sons are thrown out of jobs by the combined harvester-thresher. They are worried, also, because huge farm units with absentee ownership are swallowing up the family farm. When this happens, houses and barns are torn down, and the families move away. What is going to become of such people?

Nobody sees that these tremendous problems have grown out of a wrong kind of agriculture. Even the disasters of the South and Middle West are regarded as largely economic in effect. The public groans to think of thousands of people driven into the refugee class by floods, dust storms, and drought. State comptrollers are in despair when taxes on millions of acres are uncollectible because farms have become wasteland. Investors are pinched when mortgages are rendered worthless. Not yet, however, have Americans faced the deep implications of such catastrophes.

A young businessman in Ohio expressed the general sentiment when he said recently, "Oh, I cannot get worried about all this land being taken out of cultivation. Good heavens, the stuff we raise now is glutting the market."

Of course that is true. Such is the insanity of our economic system that bumper crops only make the farmer poorer. But what the young man and millions like him fail to appreciate is that those holocausts of nature are symptoms of a condition threatening every farm and garden in this country.

Have even professors and scientists heeded the evidence of history? They certainly do not weigh what the Old Testament has to say about the scourge of grasshoppers and the lean years of famine. Otherwise, they would not advocate the same methods which brought those ills upon Palestine. Nor have they learned the lessons written in northern Africa, the treeless plains of China and those bleak tracts in France where none but desert plants will grow. Once these lands were fertile.

What these terrible changes mean must be

Woodcut by Clare Leighton, from The Farmer's Year

Courtesy Longmans, Green & Co.

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grasped before it is too late. The fact is that desert conditions are beginning here — yes, even in those sections which still seem fair and prosperous, signs of aridity and the first desert plants are to be found. Scientific exploitation of field and forest has wrenched from us a huge part of our magnificent heritage. Must it all go before we awake to the need of revising completely the accepted methods of cultivation?

III

MODERN AGRICULTURE is the guilty party. It is to blame for all the sickness of our land, for the brilliant disasters which make the front pages of our journals, for the hidden attrition of our food supply. The soil itself and the laws of growing things have either been misunderstood or ignored.

Take the indifference to the fate of the earthworm.

Charles Darwin, the great English scientist of the last century, wrote an entire book about the earthworm's importance. He says that without the work of this humble creature we cannot have land capable of cultivation. An amazing combination of chemist and borer, the worm swallows down earth, dead leaves, and root materials, takes up the nourishment he needs, and then expels what he has swallowed. In doing so, he breaks up the soil in the finest possible way and contributes to it the mucous from his body. When he dies, he wills to the earth his own organic substance. No device of man can substitute for this activity. The earthworm, together with various bacteria, is the chief factor in producing humus. And humus is the primal essential for the life of plants.

But deadly enemies of the earthworm are promoted by the best authorities. Strong chemical fertilizers and such poison sprays as lead or arsenic gradually destroy the earthworm and with it the humus content of our land. Such is the effect of the abstract thinking of scientists and the materialistic purpose of economists.

Vast commercial interests are behind the sale of chemical products to the farmer. That is one reason why the earthworm has no defender. For another, the quick results obtained by such aids are greatly desired.

Our most vigorous commentators, taking machinery and chemicals for granted, blame every disaster on national waste. Destruction of forests, the plowing up of grasslands, the stripping of hillsides for cultivation are the subjects of attack. Stuart Chase has made such crimes very clear. Paul B. Sears brings a sensitive conscience to bear on this kind of mistreatment of the land. Russell Lord, farmer, farm editor, and soil conservationist, has just published a book on erosion called, *Behold Our Land*. It is a cry of woe and warning that makes Jeremiah sound like a bobolink. Nevertheless, the measures advocated by these critics still leave the heart of the problem untouched. The ills they bewail cannot be cured by those who remain on the outside of nature looking down.

IV

BUT THERE IS a man in Europe who goes far beyond these American palliatives. His name is Ehrenfried Pfeiffer, and he is Director of the Bio-Chemical Research Laboratory, at Dornach, Switzerland.

Less than a year ago the English translation of his most recent book, *Bio-Dynamic Farming and Gardening*, was published in the United States. This book is revolution — revolution in agriculture.

Behind the revolution lie many years of patient research, brilliant discovery, and practical experiment. His scientific achievement, which has won wide recognition in authoritative circles abroad, has been topped by election to the French Academy of Science.

But Ehrenfried Pfeiffer is no abstract theorist, no glass-enclosed research man. His chief laboratory has been the plowed field and the forest preserve. He began his practical work in Holland, Switzerland, and Germany. Now he supervises all the thousands of farms throughout Europe which use his method.

Just recently the United States has begun to know this man's work. Now a considerable number of farms and gardens from Maine to California have adopted his system, and every year he comes to this country as consultant and supervisor.

As a young chemist, trained in the exacting scientific methods of a European university, Mr. Pfeiffer came under the influence of the late Dr. Rudolf Steiner, an Austrian leader of thought who inspired a new approach to research in many fields of science. Guided by the principles which Dr. Steiner laid down,

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Mr. Pfeiffer made altogether new discoveries about the formative forces in nature. By inventing a novel laboratory technique, he made these discoveries explicit. Photographs of his laboratory slides make it possible for the average person to observe the hidden life of a plant and the effect on it of varied conditions.

It was a dramatic incident in Holland which first drew public attention to the scientist's work.

One season many years ago, all the spinach growing in the Netherlands was attacked by a terrible blight. To cure it the farmers were commanded by royal edict to spray the plants with a certain strong antidote. But, when the Hollanders ate the spinach, an epidemic of intestinal infection promptly followed. Then all sales of the vegetable were banned — almost all, that is. One consignment of the greens coming into The Hague had proved innocent of harm. Why? Because, having no blight, the plants had not needed spraying.

When this fact was discovered, the whole town — market men, doctors, and citizens — focused its attention on the grower of that lot of spinach. By what magic had his garden escaped the plague? Agricultural officials were at once sent down to interview Mr. Ehrenfried Pfeiffer.

These august visitors to the experimental farms listened in amazement to the scientist's report.

He used no chemical fertilizer.

How, then, could he produce such abundant crops?

He used none of the sprays recommended for pests.

Why, in that case, wasn't his potato patch speckled with bugs, and his fruit gnawed through by worms?

The inspectors learned first that the rich earth in his fields was constantly renewed by means of composting all the waste matter on the place — weeds, vegetable stalks, grass cuttings, garbage. Manure was composted also, and was never used in a raw state. In a shady place stood the slanting, earth-covered rectangles of the compost heaps.

"Four months ago," remarked the farmer-scientist, "this particular pile was manure. Eight months ago, this one was table scraps, eggshells, moldy bread, parings, and fruit skins. As each layer is spread out, we powder it with unslaked lime and lightly cover it with earth. Now look, gentlemen!"

He dug up a spadeful from the side of the compost heap. The substance was sweet-smelling, crumbly, and full of earthworms which had turned the mass into fine humus.

"This is my topsoil and the only fertilizer I use — except cover crops such as clover, lupin, and hairy vetch. They give nitrogen and other needed substances to the soil."

Mr. Pfeiffer explained further. Protected by a layer of earth, all the vital forces in that compost material are preserved. By natural processes of combustion and chemical action, waste is turned into earth. The swiftness of the transformation is owing to the insertion into the heap of certain organic plant preparations. This occurs twice — once when the structure is first completed and again when half the required period for rotting has elapsed. At that time the compost pile is turned inside out and reformed in a shallow ditch dug parallel to it.

But did the use of compost alone, inquired the inspectors, explain the freedom from blight and pests in the vegetable gardens?

No, they were told. New techniques of planting and crop successions also help build up resistance in plants. So do two scientifically prepared sprays. One, a specially treated cow manure, is applied to the soil before sowing, to assure vigorous root growth. The other, a fine dilution of quartz crystals, is applied to the leaves of growing plants. This improves the quality and flavor of the plants. Each solution must be thoroughly stirred by hand to assure complete dilution and aeration. Then the liquid is flicked on in so fine a spray that one gallon will serve half an acre of land.

Mr. Pfeiffer calls his method the bio-dynamic system of agriculture. It recognizes that life comes through the dynamics of growth forces.

The research on which the system is based brought into being a new conception of the soil. Soil is not an inert substance, which can forever be ruthlessly forced to man's will, but a living organism. Whatever is taken from it by crops must be returned to it. Repayment cannot, however, be made by chemicals. For these only upset the delicate balance of mineral salts in solution below the surface of the ground. Compost, made by altogether natural decomposition, gives back to the soil the elements it needs in a condition ready for im-

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mediate absorption. For this reason scientifically constructed compost piles are the very foundation of good farming.

It is equally fundamental to sound practice to treat the farm as a biological unit. Chickens, pigs, cows, and sheep should be residents of every farm. The land should have a balanced division between grain fields, vegetable gardens, pasture hayfields, and woodland. Then the vast variety of nature is reflected in the single unit. Mr. Pfeiffer's answer to the American question about the disappearance of the family farm is, "Bring it back!" Crop successions which preserve soil values are impossible on the huge tract devoted to one product or to one herd of animals or exclusively to poultry. Monoculture brings about an unbalanced condition which makes the soil susceptible to hardening and exhaustion and both plants and animals susceptible to disease. Each component part of the diversified farm makes a positive gift to the whole.

One of the great contributions of this new science is its investigation of the definite effect which plants have on one another and on the soil. The very existence of a patch of woodland on a farm helps grains and vegetables to be healthy. What's more, certain vegetables are special friends and flourish best in rows side by side. Instead of a field of carrots, Mr. Pfeiffer plants carrots with peas. He grows leeks with celery, early potatoes with corn, tomatoes with parsley. A few poppies — but only a few — growing in a wheatfield help the grain to develop.

V

BIO-DYNAMIC FARMING has hardly been instituted long enough to accumulate many statistics. But in his book Mr. Pfeiffer reports comparative soil tests and scientific tests of new practice. He also sums up figures gathered from the farms longest established. They show that milk production is far above average and that notably less than average is the percentage of cows afflicted with those terrible diseases which are on the increase the world over.

It is a striking fact that from Germany, where new ideas are so suspect, bio-dynamic farming has not been banished. It succeeds too well in producing food for a country striving for self-sufficiency.

In Germany as in many other places abroad there is great demand for the delicious Demeter bread made from bio-dynamic wheat and baked in a special fashion. For a long time those crisp loaves and other products of the farms Mr. Pfeiffer directed in Holland have been sold under doctors' orders to patients whose bodies need building up. As a usual thing vegetables, milk, and animals from bio-dynamic farms bring top prices at market.

Not long ago, at The Hague, Mr. Pfeiffer asked a workingman whom he knew how he could afford to purchase bio-dynamic products. "Oh, because in our family we consider them a great bargain," replied the workman. "These things are so nourishing we don't have to eat so much."

Such are the indications of how the new agriculture is making its way. Many are the records of farmers trained in the old school who undertook the novel methods with great skepticism, only to become entirely convinced by results. In four years' time old and weary fields can be completely revitalized, and soil can be changed from unworkable clay to a fertile, crumbly loam. Procedure must be exact, and quick results are not to be expected. On the other hand, gains are lasting.

For example, improved soil conditions prevent erosion. As a matter of course, all the measures advocated by zealous American experts are used by bio-dynamic farmers. They guard forest preserves, plant trees on hillsides, and grow hedges which hold the contours of sloping fields and temper the wind to seedlings. But basic to the prevention of erosion is work to improve the soil. Rain slides off the hard-surfaced fields which have been made inelastic by chemical fertilizers and exhausted by lack of proper crop rotation. Healthy soil, on the contrary, holds moisture and allows it to be gently distributed.

By every possible means the structure and the humus content of the soil is preserved in the new agriculture. Mechanism is kept subservient to the health of the earth, of plants, and of animals. For neither large production on a single farm unit nor speed in results is a goal of this program.

To co-operate with nature is the aim of the bio-dynamic farm. From the first, Ehrenfried Pfeiffer's purpose has been to restore the sick earth and to produce a food supply which can really nourish the human race.

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The Artist's Point of View

The Contemporary Exhibition at the New York World's Fair

THIS HUGE EXHIBITION of contemporary work is important for four excellent reasons. It is national in scope. It was democratically chosen by regional juries. The juries were composed mainly of artists. As a whole, it throbs with creative vitality.

To add to the zest of the whole, there was behind-the-scenes drama. The Fair authorities banned such a showing for two entire years on the ground that the murals and sculptures (of their commissioning) were a sufficient representation of today's art — until public clamor and an intelligent Mayor forced a reversal of that refusal.

The exhibition is housed in a redwood building of simple, dignified, and functional design. But, on its outside walls, that building is cheapened, and the contemporaneity of its exhibits contradicted, by atrocious metal cutout decorations done by Arthur Covey. These embellishments in the kindergarten style of the last century were commissioned by the Board of Design and kept in place over the vigorous protest of the Governing Committee of Artists, as if to remind all comers that contradictions, anachronisms, and the commonplace must hold their own in the world of tomorrow as well as in that of today.

Finally, on the drama count, come the acrimonious debates still going on about the "democratic" selections and democracy vs. aristocracy in art.

The 1,214 works within the desecrated walls do their full share of light-shedding on the status of art in the U.S.A.

The first impression is of vitality and progress. The great majority of these painters and sculptors (I am not considering the prints) either have found their own way or are in the process of finding it. They are not aping Paris or any of the modern "isms." Those who are on the modern side of the fence have assimilated their influences in greater or less degree and are healthily telling their story in the American way. The feeling of vigorous adventure, of escaping from the studio to life, and of growth in a healthy integrity definitely flavors the whole.

The relative score of the two major schools — the modern and the academic — was my first curiosity. A rough count of the paintings gave about 480 out of 546 definitely to the creative, rather than the copying, mind — a higher score for progress than I have ever found in a large general exhibit.*

Paul Burlin

Soda Jerker

This is one of the richly mature creative paintings. It is American life as it is in the local drugstore. It is impressive in size and a masterpiece of organization of color, space, and form.

Closer study on the score of quality and maturity is both encouraging and discouraging. There is an unusual amount of mature mastery and far too many works with fractional vision and mediocrity of means. The sculptors, I should say, come off with the stronger showing.

The artists of a nation measure the national culture. This is an artist's exhibition. Vitality and growth indicate health. Democracy in art has discovered and honored these qualities.

RALPH M. PEARSON

**In my book,* Experiencing Pictures (*Harcourt, Brace*), *I have discussed exhaustively the contrasting characteristics of the two schools.*

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

Former President, Poetry Society of America

With the Poets

***by* TOM BOGGS**

THE public "indifference to poetry" is an illusion. People are simply disinterested in bad poetry. And, since most poetry is bad — bad in a sense a dull editorial can never be — John and Mary Doe can hardly be blamed.

The art, however, is still something too strong for schools or pedants to destroy. It breaks out everywhere: in popular songs; in the assonance of advertisements (*Ask the man who owns one*); on Harlem sidewalks (*I hate to see that evenin' sun go down*).

One still hears people say — with a kind of reckless and somber pride — that they never read poetry. Nonsense; they are reading it all the time.

Even such matters as weather reports cannot escape the note of lyric Adam — the following, for instance, which lilted recently from the august *New York Times: Cloudy and warmer today, with rain tonight and tomorrow.*

And, though the weather was gray, we were somewhat consoled for our sorrow, what with Herrick writing the note today — and possibly Hopkins tomorrow!

THE POETRY MAGAZINES

FURIOSO (New Haven) will print an article on verse plays by MacLeish in issue 2. ✓ *Mesures* (Paris) will feature John Peale Bishop in its next. ✓ Derek Savage is sailing to serve as coeditor on the attractive quarterly, *The Phoenix* (Woodstock, N. Y.). ✓ Gilbert Maxwell is to have a group in the autumn number of *Voices*, together with a review of Miss Millay's new book. ✓ Dorothy Daggett's poetry reprint page in *Scholastic* (which reaches over two hundred thousand young readers each week) may soon appear in something like anthology form. ✓ *Wheel* (N. Y. C.) will make its lyric appearance this fall. ✓ Not to be missed: the six poems by Wallace Stevens and Terence Heywood's article on Hopkins, in *Poetry;* the poem by Elda Tanasso, in *Lyric* (Roanoke, Va.); the poems by John Berryman, in *Partisan Review;* the article on Rilke by Clark Mills and the first stanza of the Eleanor Wallis poem, in the current *Voices*.

DOG-STAR CORRESPONDENCE

IT (though one should not begin a sentence with "it") will probably be called the Patron's Press, and Gustav Davidson (Davidson Printing Corp., N. Y. C.) is looking for a few good unpublished poets, to print sans strings. ✓ Max Bodenheim and Ben Hecht, once famous friends, long famous foes, are lately close friends again. ✓ MacLeish writes that he is working on a stubborn poem, and that he hopes American poets "will look sometimes in their minds toward the Library of Congress." ✓ Peter De Vries is conducting a poetry round table at the Nahma School. ✓ David DeJong has finished another novel for Houghton Mifflin. ✓ Thomas Sulky is rapidly becoming one of the country's most successful (and highly paid) short-story writers. ✓ Dorothy Quick was winner of the National Poetry Day award at the World's Fair, whatever the award consisted of. ✓ Also, at the World's Fair, poetry recitals are now being held every Monday noon at the Shakespeare House, no holds barred. ✓ A. M. Sullivan's new poem will be broadcast over a national network soon. ✓ Garret Oppenheim is speaking on modern poetry to high schools. ✓ The Bread Loaf anthology (Middlebury, Vt.) presents work by some good as yet unvolumed poets, including Robert Evans and Robert Francis. ✓ really appalling, these days, the fine unpublished poets (but then Emily Dickinson wrote nearly a thousand poems and saw only three published during her lifetime). ✓ Florence Hamilton's book, *A Moment's Monument*, is off the press, with accolades by Auslander, Audrey Wurdemann, Pierre Loving and an introduction by Markham. ✓ Jessica Powers' new poems will issue from the Monastine Press. ✓ Albert Clement (Hudson, N. Y.) announces the birth of his third pamphlet; the fair Helen Neville (Exiles Press, N. Y. C.), the birth of her first. ✓ A second book arrives by Robert Clairmont, who is conducting Thursday-night poetry groups at his studio, 603 Sixth Ave., in New York, with readers at one recent "at home" including Oscar Williams, Melville Cane, Lieberman, and Flaccus. ✓ Kreymborg's *The Four Apes* is being brought out early this fall by Loker Raley (N. Y. C.), who will also issue your correspondent's collection, *Lyrics in Brief*, and forthcoming *Lyrics in Brief: Book Two.* ✓ Every poet in the League to Support Poetry (320 W. 18th St.) pamphlet series has been among the newcomers to the *New York Times*, other *Times* debuts including Roethke, Weismiller, Mayo, Chavez, Norma Lay, Lucy Kent, Eleanor Booth, Elliot Coleman, Beril Becker, Jean Garrigue and Rose O'Neill — several with their first published poems. ✓ Louis Zukofsky is working on an anthology of labor poetry. ✓ Harry Roskolenko is fleeing national minorities on a windjammer. ✓ Malcolm Cowley is aestivating, as are May Lewis, John Holmes, and Louis Ginsberg. ✓ Stanley Young's third poetic play to reach Broadway will open in the fall. ✓ George O'Donnell has accepted an invitation to write under the auspices of Vanderbilt University, such a major recognition of creative writing as a part of American academic life being fine news. ✓ Norman Macleod has been appointed Director of the newly created Poetry Center at the Y. M. H. A. (92nd St. and Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.), where distinguished poets will be presented to the public this winter. ✓ John Wheelwright is serving at the Isabel Anderson Library of Poetry at Boston University and appeals to readers of THE FORUM to send (collect) all verse — flotsam book and jetsam magazine — to the Library, 27 Garrison Street. ✓ Recommended: the poems by a bright newcomer, Thomas Butler, in *Over the Bright World* (Sheed & Ward).

THE SANCTITY OF SPONTANEOUS FORM

INTENSE times demand intense utterance, the great era following the defeat of the Armada, this on the eve of Armageddons. A fine lyric poetry we have; one of the drama we lack. But, as long as the lyric remains alive, new Shakespeares, Websters, and Middletons are possible; by its quickening influence, all poetry keeps its life.

But only the most fresh, native, and imperative utterance will serve, only the most implicit virtues will save it. By its very intensity and kinetic life, the lyric serves for both the fountaining forth as well as the intuitive and indisputable form — for all that is poetically vital in the race.

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM. *Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

GROWTH OF BRITISH OPTIMISM

The optimism of our English friends has had a slow and cautious development, but it's sure. The following quotations (not in the original words) are reprinted from the brilliant Norwegian weekly, Farmand, *edited by the economist, Trygve J. B. Hoff:*

1801. WILBERFORCE: I do not dare to get married — the future is too uncertain.

1806. WILLIAM PITT: There is hardly anything else around us but ruin and despair.

1848. SHAFTESBURY: There is nothing that can save British rule from shipwreck.

1849. DISRAELI: In commerce, industry, and agriculture, no hope whatsoever is in sight.

1852. WELLINGTON (dying): I thank God that I shall not live to see the completion of the ruin gathering over us.

SAYS A SAN ANTONIAN

To the Editor:

Oh, sir, tush, tush, pish, pish! So Mr. Maitland [Ralph Maitland, author of "San Antonio: the Shame of Texas," August FORUM] saw a nasty old poker game going in the backroom of a San Antonio barbershop? I really don't know what this city is coming to when you have to hide to play poker. Time was when you couldn't hide from a game. Mr. Maitland should have made the rounds when this town was really wide open, during, say the War and Post-War days, not to go too far back. He should have seen the amusement park and a Red Light district what *was* a Red Light district. Or he should have peeked, during Prohibition, into bootleg joints and roadhouses where you could gamble with all the same trimming you might get at Monte Carlo. By comparison, this city is now on curfew.

Mr. Maitland is undoubtedly right about such things as slums and the vicious exploitation of labor and the society twiddle-twaddle, and some other things he touches. But TB and Pellagra statistics don't mean much; no more than pneumonia statistics in many cases. They are really all the same ailment, taking different forms in different cities. Its name is not a pretty one — starvation; just a steady weakening of the old resistance till one of the bugs gets too strong.

But, brother, in most of the things mentioned, San Antonio is no worse than other big cities in Texas nor many non-Texas cities, including the shining example of progressive and enlightened government that is sometimes held up to dazzle us benighted hicks. Yep, I mean New York. I can take you, dear FORUM editor, and Mr. Maitland, to Houston, Dallas, Fort Worth, St. Louis, Chicago, and yea, verily, even unto New York, and show you stinking holes where people are forced to live, not a mite prettier than those in the San Antonio slums. We at least have lots of flowers and pot plants in our slums and people can keep chickens and hogs and dogs. Say, by the way, do you remember the rat in a Lower Harlem tenement that crawled into a baby's bed and chewed a finger off?

As for pimps and whores and professional gamblers, I'll take any big city in Texas and match him, pimp for pimp, and whore for whore, and I'll bet a dozen genuine Mexican style San Antonio hot tamales that he'll run out before I do. The main difference is that most of the San Antonio prostitutes are registered and segregated. It is true that the army attracts and sustains a lot of gals in these parts, but the soldiers really ain't got so much money to spend. There's much more dough circulating in other big towns, and their prostitution is really a high-powered racket, not a penny-ante proposition like San Antonio's.

This letter is not written to quarrel with Mr. Maitland. On the whole the story seems to be the same one which has been told in print many times before, and still just as true. What is regrettable is that he let such trifling, piddling things like barbershop poker games creep into the article. There he was, about to grab the bull by the horns and instead he pulls a few hairs out of its tail. No doubt tail pulling has its uses. Too bad, though, it all didn't go deeper, for it was hitting all around the really evil forces in this neck of the woods. Some of them are very respectable, too, and not even FORUM, from its remote promontory overlooking our gorgeous Waste Land, would dare to mention them, for they've got much more power than poor old Charley Bellinger's ghost. [*Mr. Plenn seems not overanxious to mention them, whoever they are, either.* — *Ed.*]

It is possible that the San Antonio slums and other evils of the city are so obvious because there has been relatively little civic improvement to offset them. What a chance for Mr. Maury Maverick if he really stays in there and pitches! They say he's got something on the ball. He'd better have, because he's facing some mighty sluggers.

But let us hope that his sleuths don't discover that there are some people in San Antonio who play bridge for money. And it is even too terrifying to think of how badly the nation would be shaken if it ever became known that over in Maverick Park, San Antonio, elderly retired gentlemen in the very low income brackets sometimes bet a nickel a game on horseshoes and croquet!

Come down and see us some time, sir. Our women folks bake the durndest tastiest pecan pies you ever et. You can sit on the banks of the beautiful San Antonio river and forget all about those awful old slums and that dreadful Red Light district, as you let your fangs sink into a nice big slice of aforesaid pie.

J. H. PLENN

San Antonio, Tex.

DESIRABLE SLUM PROPERTY

A number of readers have been provoked by Norma Lee Browning's article, "We Live in the Slums," in the August FORUM, *to write or telephone us for the exact location of this remarkable residential district. Most of them are frankly skeptical. Well, the advantages of life in this delightful spot are a matter of taste and hence open to argument, but Miss Browning wasn't kidding about the facts. Perhaps you won't like her neighbors as well as she does, but you can go down to 550 East 16th Street, New York, and find that out for yourself.*

THE SUM

To the Editor:

I have read with a great deal of interest the article by J. L. Brown entitled "New Jersey's Giant Cancer" [August FORUM]. Mr. Brown has dramatized a situation that has caused the City of Paterson considerable difficulty for more than a century. Unfortunately, many organizations such as the S.U.M. exist in many parts of the country and if his article arouses interest in the matter of unfair and unjust tax exemptions, it will have served a very useful purpose.

While it is true that the United States Supreme Court in the famous "Dartmouth College Case" held that a corporation charter issued by a state is a contract — that court in subsequent decisions held that the state could not bargain away by contract its police powers. Moreover, that court was never unanimous in holding that a state could perpetually bargain away its power to tax.

In view of the decision of the highest court of our state in the S.U.M. case we were precluded from presenting the issue of perpetual tax exemption granted by a state to the United States Supreme Court.

I am hopeful that Mr. Brown's article may arouse sufficient interest in other places to the end that the question may be presented to the Supreme Court of the United States anew.

CHARLES H. ROEMER

Paterson, N. J.

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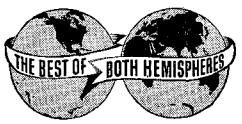

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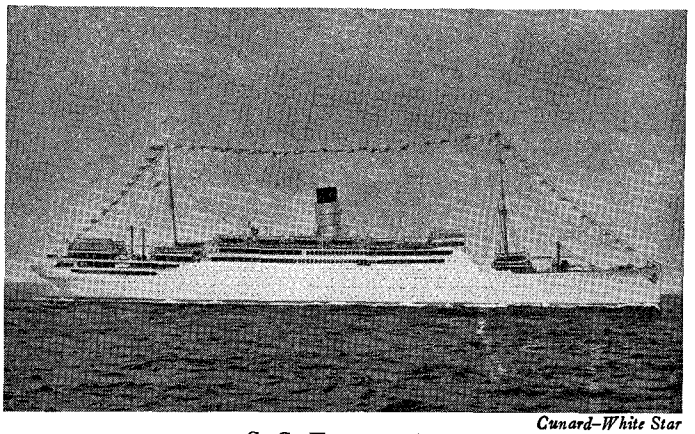

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All Aboard That's Going Aboard

***by* HARRY J. PRICE**

THE NEW DEAL apparently has been passing up a good bet on its present financial problems. Imagine, for instance, being able to legislate the expenditure of two or three billion heads of cabbage or pounds of apples — the vegetables and fruit representing dollars!

You may say this is a variation of the barter system, but it is an actual fact in Kalabahai, where vegetables and fruits are used for money and five-and-ten trinkets are highly prized.

Any desire on your part to test the truth of this statement can easily be satisfied by signing on the dotted line for a world cruise in Cunard's famous *Franconia*, from New York next January 5.

Kalabahai, by the way, is only one of the many out-of-the-way places on the *Franconia's* itinerary. There are also Tristan da Cunha, that lonely island in the middle of the South Atlantic; the Seychelles Islands, according to some the site of the Garden of Eden; Bali, where life is the same as it was more than two thousand years ago (more or less) and whence the Bali-bras (adv.) and sarong (adv.) sprang to fame; Amboina, in the Moluccas, where the natives are always ready for war; Hobart, Tasmania, where that fierce animal the Tasmanian Devil can be seen — in captivity; the Fiji Islands, where coconut trees are as numerous as hot dogs at Coney; Rio de Janeiro, whose claim to being the world's most beautiful city has yet to be disproved.

In addition the *Franconia* will make six calls in Africa, eight in Asia, and several in Dutch East Indies ports, Australia, New Zealand, Hawaii, and California.

That, in brief, is your 1940 world cruise — and a bargain however you look at it. Here's an itinerary so varied that you'll cross the equator four times, nearly five at Singapore; be away from home and worries nearly five months; cover approximately forty thousand miles of ocean; visit thirty-six ports; and return to New York May 31 refreshed, rested, relaxed, and raring to go again.

The cruise is my "highly recommended" of the season, offering as it does not only outstanding points of interest in both northern and southern hemispheres but also calls at ports that seldom are visited by commercial vessels. It is timed, too, to assure the best season for visiting the scheduled ports.

One thing is certain; there'll be lots of new things to see and new places to explore and always something new to talk about.

If you're adventurously inclined you'll be able to enjoy the famous "forbidden fruit" of the Bible — the coco de mer of the Seychelles, a sort of palm that grows nowhere else but in this legendary site of the Garden of Eden. The coco de mer nut weighs anywhere from fifteen to thirty pounds, and is served as a kind of *pièce de résistance* to the *Franconia's* passengers during the call there.

And don't forget your five-and-ten trinkets for the call at Kalabahai. You can buy practically anything in sight with them; and your money will be no good, because the natives have not succumbed to the lure of the root of all evil. Even port

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dues are paid by the ship in canned goods or vegetables from the ship's cold-storage vaults!

As much as anything about the *Franconia* cruise, I'm intrigued by the six calls to be made in African ports — four days in Cape Town, one day each in Port Elizabeth and East London, about four days in Durban, and one day each at Mombassa and Zanzibar.

Cape Town is one of the oldest cities in the British dominions, having played a part in the earliest approaches to India and the East and for a hundred years in the development of Southern Africa. Today it is the legislative capital of the Union of South Africa, a great port of call on the world's trade routes, a university city and center of a chain of health and pleasure resorts stretching from the Atlantic on the west to False Bay on the east of the peninsula.

During the summer season, which starts in November and continues until April, the Cape is a holiday resort of varied charms. Innumerable bays, with mountain backgrounds, have beaches, and there is plenty of fishing. Table Mountain is ascended by an aerial cableway which provides a panorama of the surrounding country. In the center of the city, flower sellers line the pavement of Adderley Street, the principal thoroughfare. And it is but a short motor drive from Adderley Street to Groote Schurr, the magnificent estate on the slopes of Table Mountain which was bequeathed to the nation by Cecil Rhodes.

Port Elizabeth enjoys an equable, temperate climate. At queenly Humewood, the mild waters of the Indian Ocean wash silver beaches that lie below the magnificent elevated promenade. Dark green hills form a sylvan background for Happy Valley, with its prodigality of flowers, lily ponds, and cascades set like jewels in the soft, thick turf. A never failing attraction is Addo National Park, an hour's drive from the city, where a famous herd of elephants is preserved.

Durban is Natal's seaport, renowned on five continents. The gay and graceful tempo of its modern life has gained it a year-round popularity among holiday makers. Sea and river fishing are an outstanding sport at Durban, while the whaling station and the graving dock are fascinating spectacles. Gaily bedecked ricksha boys, the Indian mosques, the palm-fringed Esplanade, and the delightful marine parade lend color to the city.

Durban is normally the approach to Zululand, a peaceful but primitive country where the women work and the men rest all day long.

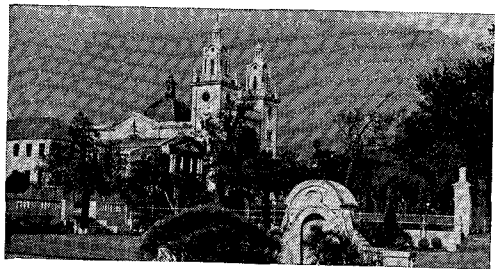
South African Railways & Harbors

Union Building, Pretoria

South Africa BECKONS—

Dawn on the Mont-aux-Sources, Drakensberg National Park, Natal.

The gardens at top of Adderley Street, Capetown.



Right, Victoria Falls.

• South Africa lures with fascinating sights and unforgettable thrills; Majestic Victoria Falls, Kruger National Park, world's greatest game reserve; the Zimbabwe Ruins, the Valley of a Thousand Hills, native life in Zululand, the gold mines of Johannesburg and diamond-famed Kimberley.

The Cape Province, too, has many attractions, among them the 100-mile Marine Drive, the scenic "Garden Route," and the Cango Caves. And there are glorious mountains and miles of golden beaches! Interesting, also, are Pretoria, seat of the Government, Bloemfontein, rich in historical associations, and thriving Port Elizabeth. Sunny South Africa, with its blue skies and wonderful climate, is a land of all-year-'round outdoor sport. Modern transportation facilities take you anywhere with comfort. The hotels are excellent, and South African hospitality is renowned.

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Forum Quiz Answers

1. (*b*) *collects old phonograph records* [Shutterbug is camera addict.]
2. (*c*) *Lily Pons and Andre Baruch* [Lily is married to Andre Kostelanetz, orchestra conductor.]
3. (*b*) *critic of the New Deal* [syndicated writer for the *Baltimore Sun*]
4. (*c*) *whoever takes the most holes wins* [Medal play is (*d*).]
5. (*d*) *Mexican murals* [Did much to free modern mural painting from classic themes.]
6. (*b*) *Bob Feller is an outstanding baseball pitcher* [Cleveland Indians].
7. (*c*) "*And I'll not look for wine*" [By Jonson.]
8. (*b*) *Jerome Frank*
9. (*c*) "*That Futurama's certainly pulling them in.*" [He designed the notable General Motors exhibit.]
10. (*a*) Pickwick Papers.
11. (*a*) *the thing she did best* [her calling or profession]
12. (*b*) *Martin Niemoller* [a pastor, formerly a Nazi]
13. (*a*) *beef and pork, about half and half*
14. (*a*) "*A regular mainsail with one jib, Auntie.*" [(*b*) is a yawl.]
15. (*c*) *Adolf Hitler* [From *Mein Kampf*.
16. (*a*) *ratio between moisture content and saturation*
17. (*d*) *The Grapes of Wrath* [By John Steinbeck — Viking Press. Better read it, if you haven't already.]
18. (*a*) *Francis B. Sayre* [formerly Asst. Secretary of State]
19. (*c*) *golf*
20. (*a*) *it ignores the need of the vast majority* [the wage earners, workers, etc. of the middle class, which constitutes about two thirds of total population]
21. (*e*) *The Betrothed* [by Walter Scott]
22. (*c*) *Alfred Hitchcock* [British film director, now at work in Hollywood.]
23. (*a*) *herbs* [Remember Keats's "Isabella, or The Pot of Basil"?]
24. (*d*) *Rockefeller Center* [About 20,000 out-of-the-city visitors daily in summer.]
25. (*a*) *engineer* [Invented gear boxes, parachute, roller bearings, multiple-barrel machine gun, etc.]
26. (*e*) *educator* [Famous Italian worker with children, especially of preschool age. Her ideas used in many countries.]
27. (*a*) "*A gypsy girl in boy's clothes who turns out to be a long-lost heiress.*" [Plot based on novel by Goethe entitled *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship and Travels*, 1796.]
28. (*a*) *The TVA has forced private companies to sell out.* [The TVA has just bought Tenn. Electric Power Company, a subsidiary of Commonwealth & Southern, of which Willkie is President.]
29. *abhorent* [Should be spelled abhorrent.]
30. (*d*) *Of Mice and Men* [By John Steinbeck. Also made into a play and a film.]
31. (*a*) "*That little twerp is certainly unruly.*"
32. (*b*) *Puerto Rico.* [New base to help guard Panama Canal.]
33. (*c*) *Louisiana State.* [President Smith indicted, etc.]
34. (*b*) *London Daily Express* [Really a national circulation of 2,466,000 copies daily. *N. Y. Daily News* has largest daily and Sunday circulation in America, 1,848,000 and 3,464,000 copies, respectively. *News* will soon have largest Sunday circulation in world — the present record being held by London's *News of the World* at 3,750,000.]
35. (*b*) *Edda Ciano* [his spirited daughter]
36. (*c*) *Alfred Noyes*
37. (*a*) *Thai* [Bipul is the Premier.]
38. (*c*) *H. L. Mencken* [In *Prejudices*.]
39. (*c*) *Kit Marlowe wrote* "*Pericles, Prince of Tyre.*" [Wrong. Shakespeare wrote it.]
40. (*c*) *That the liquor boys are nigh*

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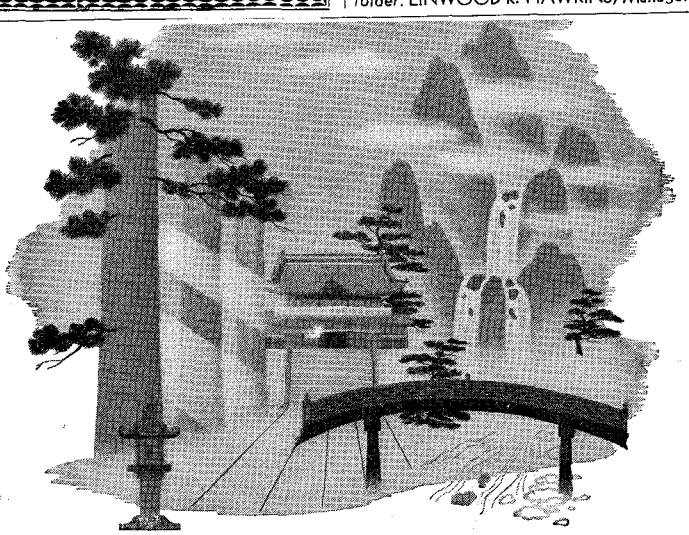

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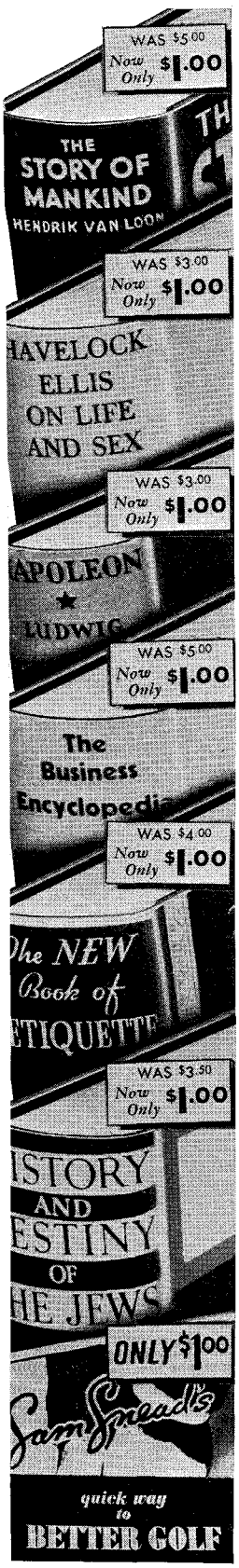

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